



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP...TOPS in THRILLS!



NO 9
AUG.

Soldiers of FORTUNE

10¢

THRILLING
STORIES
of
RED-BLOODED
ADVENTURERS!





WEB COMIC
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THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and **CHEER** for a
**ONCE - IN - A -
LIFETIME
COMICS MAGAZINE!**

THE HOODED HORSEMAN

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-
MINUTE WESTERN COMIC
THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



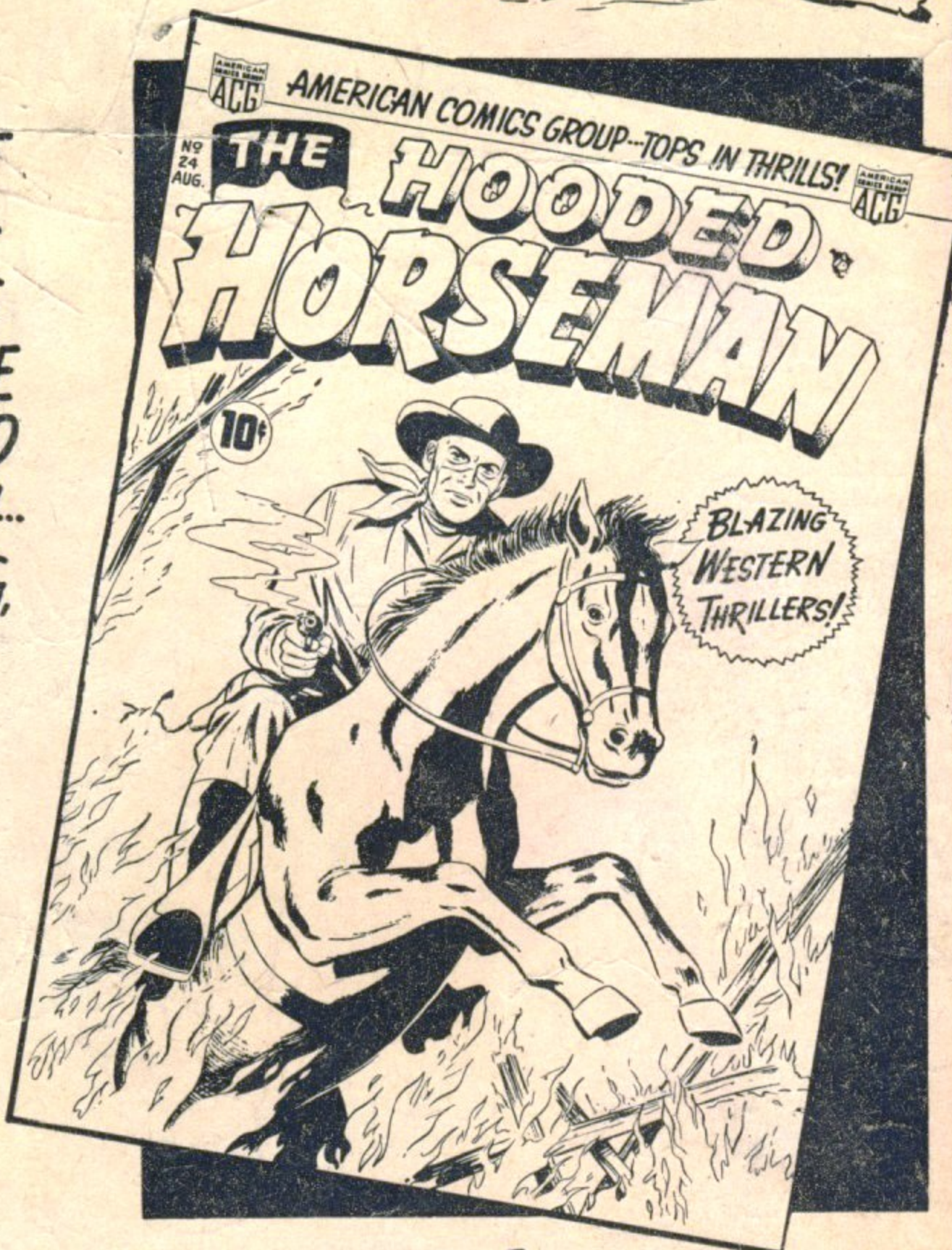
You'll **GASP** AT
FAST-SHOOTING, RED-
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED
INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,
FAST-RIDING COWBOY
HEROES!

★ ★ ★

You've **NEVER** read a
western like this...
it's an action-packed
killer-diller! So...

don't miss

THE HOODED HORSEMAN!

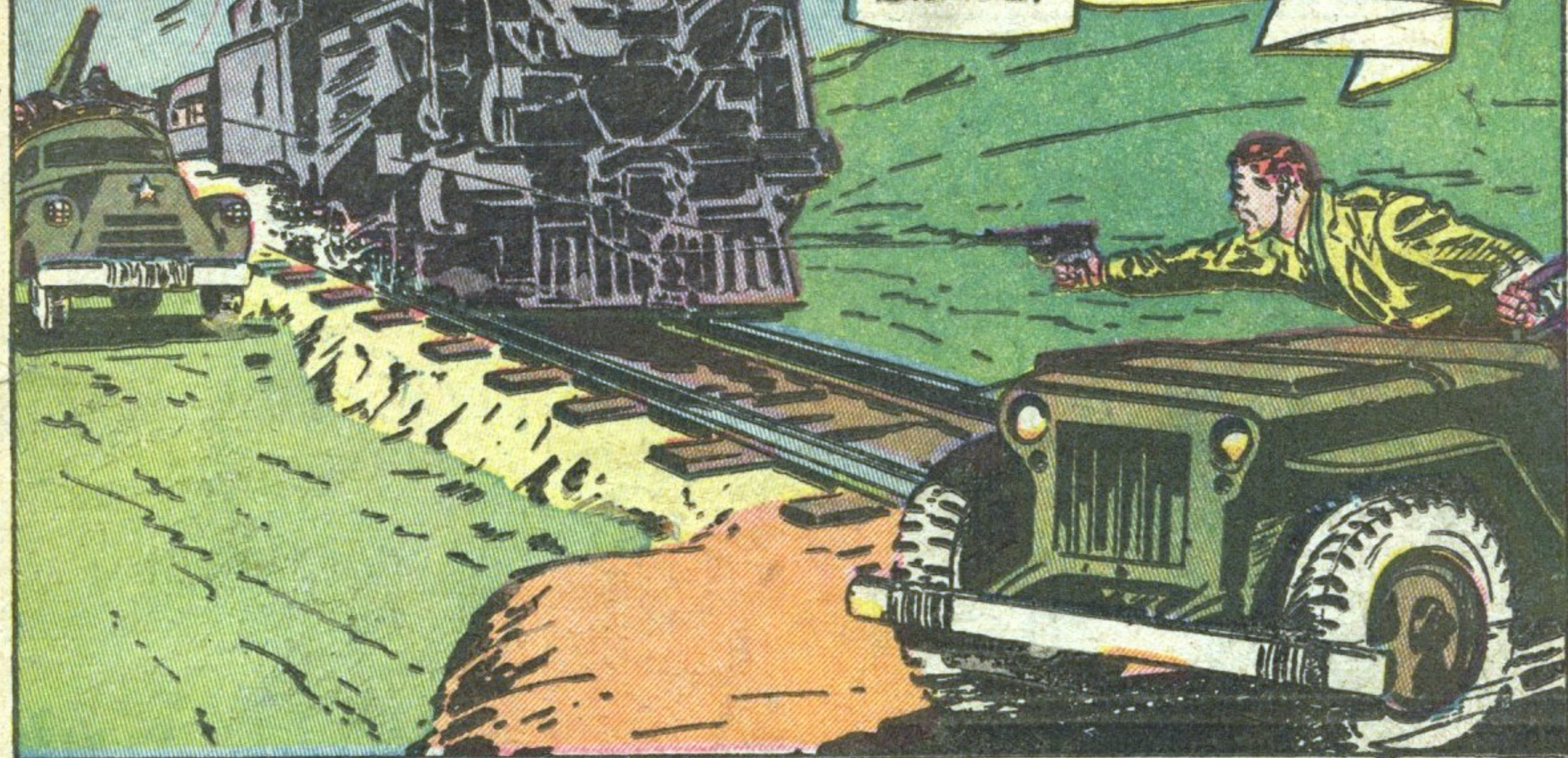


10¢ ON ALL
STANDS

Lance LARSON,

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

THE RED OVERLORDS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN MAY BE ABLE TO STAMP OUT DEMOCRACY—THEY MAY EVEN BOAST THEY CAN TELL MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WHAT TO THINK AND WHAT TO BELIEVE—BUT NO AMOUNT OF TYRANNY CAN EFFACE THE NAME OF LANCE LARSON! MANY VICTIMS OF COMMUNIST OPPRESSION KNOW HIM AS THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES—OTHERS REMEMBER HIS DARING FORAYS AS THE ONE-MAN ARMY—AND YOU'LL FIND HIM FILLING BOTH ROLES TO THE HILT IN THIS LATEST ADVENTURE!

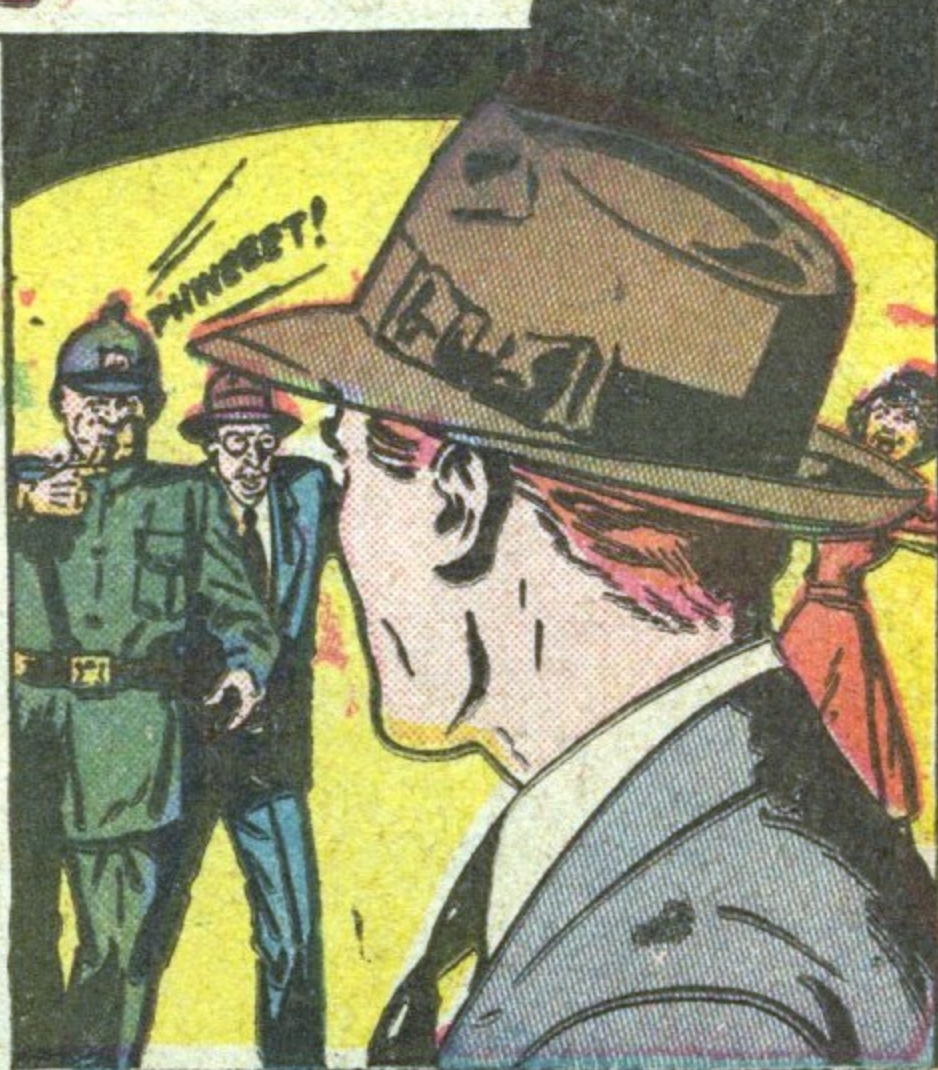


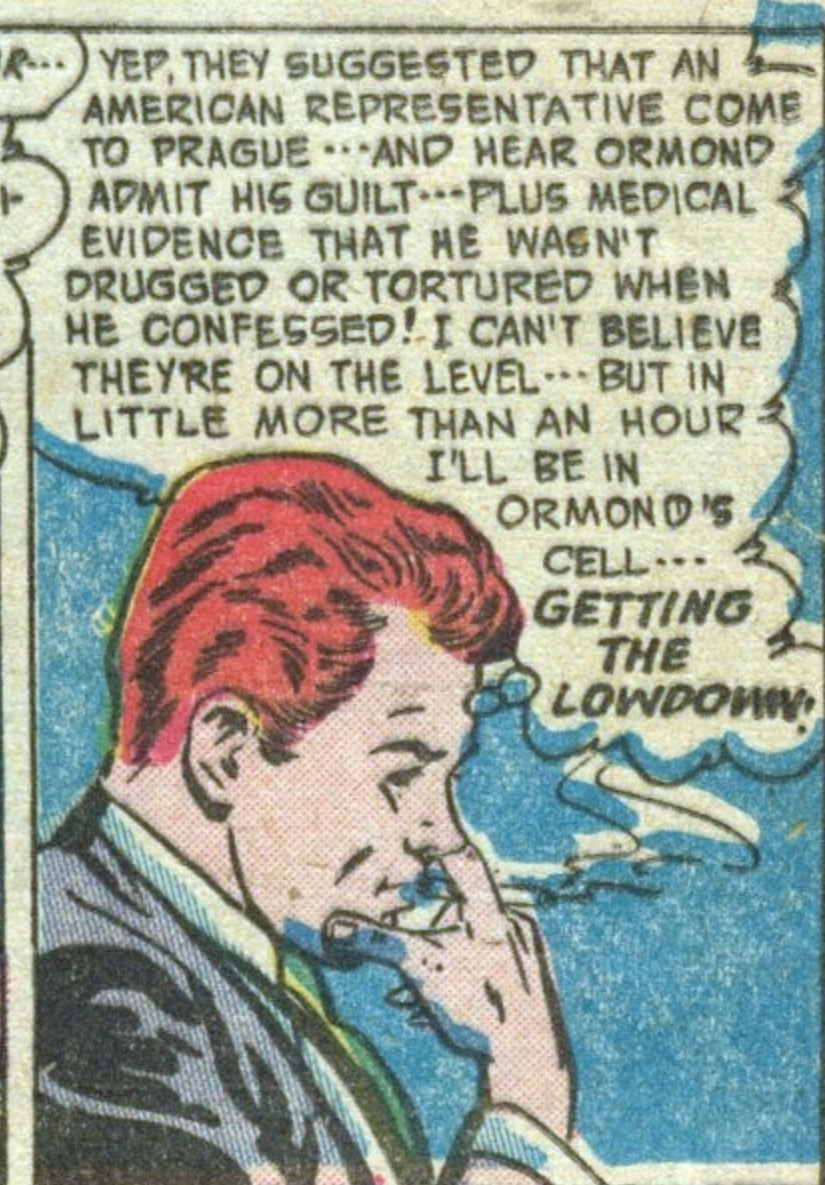
AT THE CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION IN COMMUNIST-HELD PRAGUE—

LOOK! THAT MAN GETTING OFF THE BERLIN LIMITED—DO YOU RECOGNIZE HIM?

UNMISTAKABLY—HAVEN'T WE BEEN TRYING TO GET OUR HANDS ON HIM FOR YEARS? HE'S LANCE LARSON!

IN THE NEXT INSTANT—





I'M ALSO AVAILABLE FOR CONFIDENTIAL WORK...DUE TO MY CLOSE CONNECTIONS WITH THE LOCAL COMMUNIST COMMITTEE! ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF INFORMATION... FALSE PASSPORTS... IT CAN ALL BE ARRANGED!

LOOK, ARVANY... I DON'T LIKE BLACK MARKETEERS... I HATE INFORMERS... AND A COMBINATION OF BOTH TURNS MY STOMACH! NOW SCRAM!



A MOMENT LATER...

MR. LARSON... WE'VE GOT TO SEE YOU PRIVATELY! IT'S VITAL!



SOMETHING TELLS ME I SHOULD'VE USED ONE OF MY DISGUISES AFTER ALL... BUT COME ON... WE'LL GO TO MY ROOM!



IN LANCE'S SUITE...

FIRST... WE'D BETTER IDENTIFY OURSELVES! DO YOU RECOGNIZE THOSE CARDS?

YEP! YOU'RE MEMBERS OF THE **BOHEMIA CHORAL SOCIETY**... IN OTHER WORDS... **THE CZECH DEMOCRATIC UNDERGROUND!**

WE NEVER DREAMED WE'D FIND LANCE LARSON ENTERING A RED-DOMINATED COUNTRY OPENLY... BUT YOU'VE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO HELP US! DID YOU BRING YOUR MAKEUP KIT?

JUST AS A MATTER OF HABIT! BEFORE YOU GO ANY FURTHER... YOU'D BETTER KNOW I'M NOT WORKING AS **THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES** THIS TIME! THAT WAS A PROMISE... AND I'M GOING TO KEEP IT!

LANCE... PLEASE LISTEN! WE'RE THE ONES WHO WANT TO BE DISGUISED... AND WITH THE LIVES OF A WHOLE TRAIN LOAD OF PEOPLE AT STAKE... **IT MUST BE DONE BY AN EXPERT!**

I'M STICKING MY NECK OUT GOOD... BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS TRAIN?



I'M TRAIN DISPATCHER AT THE KAROLY RAILROAD YARD! WE'VE ARRANGED TO HAVE SIXTY POLITICAL SUSPECTS... INCLUDING VELMA AND MYSELF... ABOARD TONIGHT'S TEN O'CLOCK LOCAL! THE ENGINEER IS ONE OF OUR AGENTS... AND INSTEAD OF MAKING REGULAR STOPS... **THE TRAIN WILL KEEP GOING UNTIL IT CROSSES THE BORDER INTO FREE GERMANY!**

ONLY FRANZ AND MYSELF ARE KNOWN BY SIGHT TO THE RED SECRET SERVICE! THAT'S WHY WE'VE GOT TO BE DISGUISED... BECAUSE IF WE'RE TRAILED TO THAT TRAIN... **IT WILL BE A DEATH SENTENCE FOR EVERYONE ABOARD!**

WISH YOU TWO REALIZED WHAT I'M UP AGAINST! ORDINARILY, I WOULDN'T STOP AT DISGUIISING YOU... I'D BE ON THAT TRAIN **MYSELF!** BUT I'VE TAKEN THIS MISSION IN GOOD FAITH... AND UNTIL IT'S FINISHED... **MY HANDS ARE TIED!**





YOU SPEAK OF GOOD FAITH IN DEALING WITH COMMUNISTS...**YOU**... WHO HAVE FOUGHT AGAINST EVERYTHING THEY STAND FOR? CAN'T YOU SEE THEY'LL PROMISE **ANYTHING** ...AS LONG AS IT MEANS KEEPING **YOU** ON THE SIDE-LINES?

WE'RE WASTING TIME! **LARSON**... GET OUT THAT MAKEUP KIT!



IT ISN'T OFTEN I CAN BE FORCED TO DO SOMETHING AT GUNPOINT... UNLESS IT'S SOMETHING I WANT TO DO!



SORRY ABOUT THIS, LANCE... BUT WE'RE **DESPERATE!**

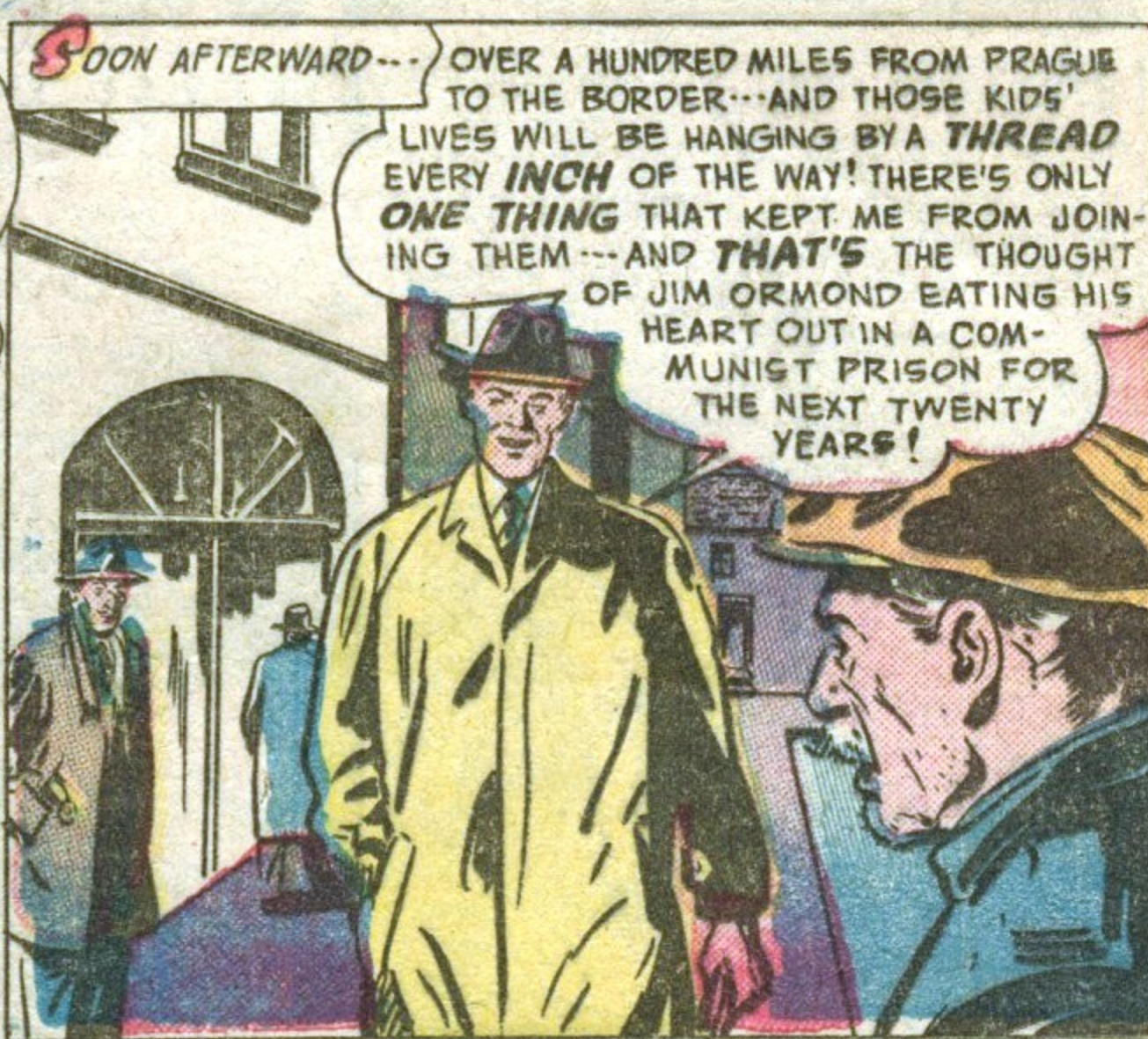
SKIP IT! I'M LETTING MYSELF BE PERSUADED...AND I ONLY HOPE JIM ORMOND DOESN'T PAY THE CONSEQUENCES!



MINUTES LATER...

LANCE...THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO THANK YOU NOW! MAYBE WE'LL MEET AGAIN...IN FREE GERMANY!

I'M DUE FOR AN APPOINTMENT...AND IT'LL BE RISKY IF WE'RE SEEN LEAVING TOGETHER! WATCH YOURSELVES... **AND GOOD LUCK!**



SOON AFTERWARD...

OVER A HUNDRED MILES FROM PRAGUE TO THE BORDER...AND THOSE KIDS' LIVES WILL BE HANGING BY A **THREAD** EVERY **INCH** OF THE WAY! THERE'S ONLY **ONE THING** THAT KEPT ME FROM JOINING THEM...AND **THAT'S** THE THOUGHT OF JIM ORMOND EATING HIS HEART OUT IN A COMMUNIST PRISON FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS!



AT THE MINISTRY OF "JUSTICE"...

WE COMMUNISTS LIKE TO SETTLE THINGS IN A **CIVILIZED** WAY, MR. LARSON! THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD YOU'VE HAD A CHANCE TO SPEAK TO THIS NOTORIOUS ARCH-CRIMINAL, ORMOND...AND BE **CONVINCED** OF HIS **GUILT!**

NOT ME, COLONEL! I HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN ORMOND YET!



BUT OF COURSE YOU HAVE... **REMEMBER?**

SO **THAT'S** THE ANGLE... A **BRIBE!** YOU RATS NEVER HAD ANY INTENTION OF LETTING ORMOND TELL HIS STORY TO ANOTHER AMERICAN...YOU WERE JUST HOPING YOU COULD HIRE SOMEONE TO PEDDLE THOSE TRUMPED-UP CHARGES! GET WISE, BUD...YOU'RE DEALING WITH **AMERICANS!**

AT THAT MOMENT---IN THE CORRIDOR---

ARE YOU SURE THOSE TWO PEOPLE YOU SAW AT THE HOTEL SLAVIA ARE MEMBERS OF THE UNDERGROUND? IF NOT ---IT WOULD BE BETTER NOT TO INTERRUPT THE COLONEL AT THIS TIME!

OFFICIALS ALL OVER CZECHOSLOVAKIA KNOW THEY CAN RELY ON ANY INFORMATION FROM BRUNO ARVANY! I INTEND TO SEE THE COLONEL--- **PERSONALLY!**

HIM! HE'S THE ONE I JUST TOLD YOU ABOUT--- **THE AMERICAN THOSE TRAITORS CAME TO SEE!**

LANCE LARSON! UP TO YOUR USUAL TRICKS, EH?



YEP... AND WITH THE USUAL RATS!

BANG!



ACH---IT SOUNDED LIKE THE USUAL EXAMINATION OF A SUSPECT!



FIRST THIS FOOL REFUSES TO BE BOUGHT---AND THEN WE FIND HE'S PLOTTING AGAINST US! WE'LL FORCE HIM TO SIGN A STATEMENT SAYING HE HAS VERIFIED ORMOND'S CONFESSION---AND THEN---WE'LL SEE THAT HE MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT!

THE FAT'S IN THE FIRE NOW! I'M GOING TO GIVE THESE DOUBLE-CROSSING PUNKS AS GOOD AS I GET---AND THE **FIRST** STEP WILL BE TO TRICK THEM INTO LETTING ME SEE ORMOND!



THERE'S ONE DETAIL YOU HAVEN'T COUNTED ON, BUD! ORMOND HAD A HUNCH **MONTHS** AGO THAT HE MIGHT BE ARRESTED...AND HE ALSO SUSPECTED YOU'D TRY TO PALM OFF A FAKE INTERVIEW TO "PROVE" HIS GUILT! SO HE ARRANGED A **SECRET PASSWORD**...AND UNLESS IT'S INCLUDED IN ANY REPORT YOU FORCE ME TO WRITE... **WASHINGTON WILL KNOW IT'S STRICTLY PHONY!**

AND YOU THINK **THAT** WILL BE AN OBSTACLE, EH? I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU EXACTLY FIFTEEN MINUTES IN ORMOND'S CELL, LARSON...AND UNLESS I GET THAT PASSWORD, YOU'RE **BOTH** GOING TO DIE... **MESSILY!**



SOON AFTERWARD...AT THE GRIM PRISON RESERVED FOR POLITICAL CASES...

HE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE ANYTHING ELSE WORTH CONFISCATING! TAKE HIM TO ORMOND'S CELL...IN THE EAST WING!

GOOD THING I'VE MADE A PRACTISE OF STRAPPING MY MAKEUP KIT TO MY LEG! AND BEING CASUAL ABOUT THESE CIGARETTES HELPS A LOT, TOO!



PACING THROUGH THE CELL BLOCK, LANCE CAREFULLY OBSERVES THE LOCATION OF EVERY BARRED DOOR...THE POSITION OF THE GUARDS...ANY DETAIL THAT MAY FACILITATE A SINGLE PURPOSE...**ESCAPE!**

GOOD LORD... LANCE LARSON!



AS THE CELL DOOR CLANGS SHUT...

SO YOU'RE THE ONE THEY LURED TO CZECHOSLOVAKIA! HAVE THEY FORCED YOU TO SIGN ANYTHING?

NOPE! BUT RIGHT NOW, ORMOND...I'M WORRIED ABOUT **THIS!**



THE **ARMY** DEVELOPED THESE CIGARETTES...EXCLUSIVELY FOR COUNTERSPIONAGE AGENTS AND DEMOLITION UNITS! IMAGINE A CONDEMNED SPY LIGHTING UP ONE OF **THESE** FOR HIS LAST SMOKE...WHEN THE END HE PLACES IN HIS MOUTH CONTAINS A CHARGE OF **PICHTHITE**...A **POWERFUL NEW EXPLOSIVE!**



A MOMENT LATER...

O.K. LANCE... THE GUARD'S WITHIN SIX PAGES OF THE DOOR!

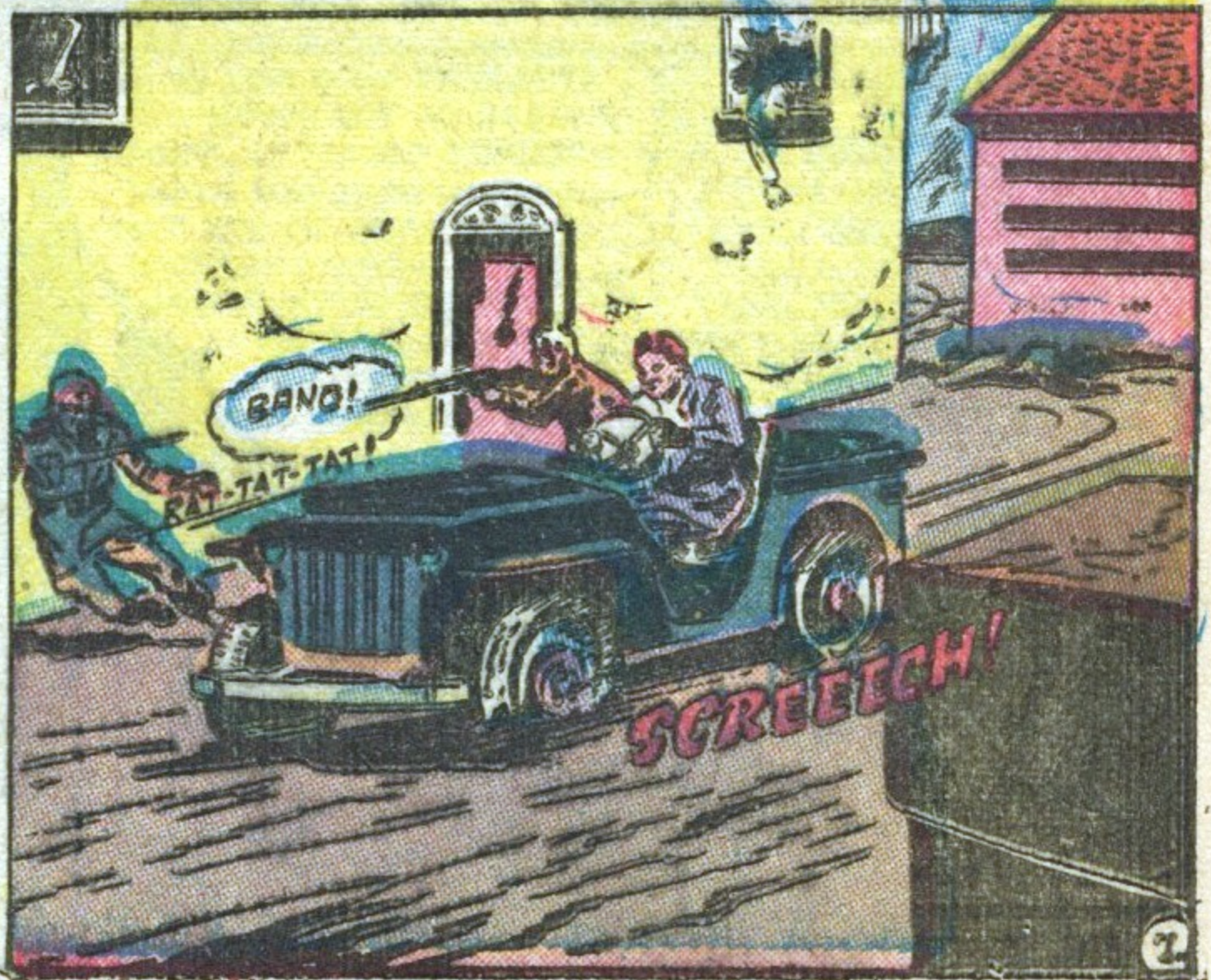
CHECK! GET OVER HERE...**FAST!**



THEN...

BOOM!



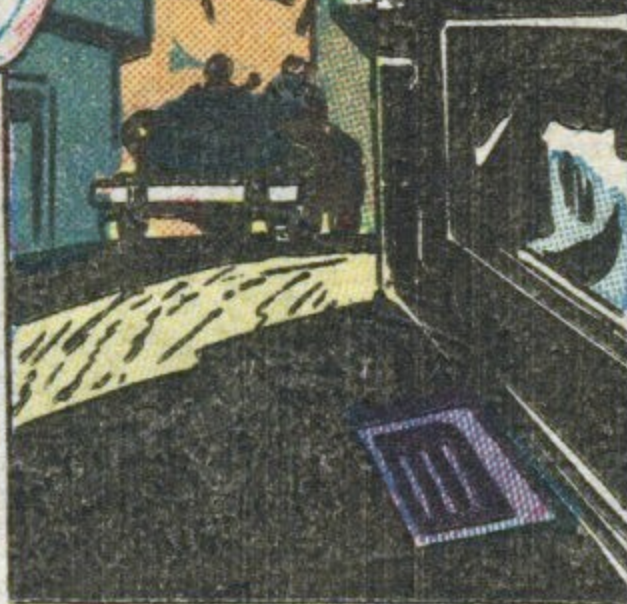


NICE GOING SO FAR-- BUT OUR LUCK CAN'T HOLD! WE'LL BE RUNNING INTO ROAD BLOCKS BEFORE WE GET TEN MILES!

MUST BE ABOUT 10:30 --I'M SURE I CAN GET US THROUGH, ORMOND ... BUT WHAT I'M WORRYING ABOUT IS A THROUGH TRAIN TO THE BORDER THAT LEFT PRAGUE ABOUT A HALF-HOUR AGO! THERE'S A CHANCE WE CAN MAKE CONTACT -- IF WE RISK A SHORT CUT OVER A MILITARY ROAD CLUTTERED WITH PATROLS!

I'M GAME, LANCE-- BUT IT LOOKS LIKE **SHEER SUICIDE!**

NOT IF WE MAKE A QUICK STOP AT A SMALL SHOP I KNOW OF-- IN ONE OF THESE BACK ALLEYS!



MINUTES LATER--
LANCE LARSON! I LEARNED FROM THE GRAPEVINE THAT YOU WERE IN PRAGUE ... BUT I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU **HERE!**

WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A FAST CHANGE, ANTON! LET'S HAVE A COLONEL'S UNIFORM-- AND THEN SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT IN A SNAPPY DOUBLE-BREASTED OUTFIT!



WITH EXPERT SPEED...

I EVEN FEEL LIKE A RAT, LANCE-- BUT DO YOU THINK IT'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO FOOL ANYONE?

TAKE IT FROM ME, MR. ORMOND-- I ONLY HOPE YOU DON'T RUN INTO ONE OF OUR GUERRILLA SQUADS!



AGAIN-- THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES MAKES READY!

BRUNO ARVANY! WHAT A STRONG STOMACH YOU'VE GOT!

O.K., ANTON-- HOW ABOUT **THIS?**



AN HOUR LATER--

BOHEMIA CHORAL SOCIETY H.Q. CALLING FRANZ-- ABOARD FREEDOM EXPRESS! A FAST TROOP TRAIN HAS JUST LEFT PRAGUE -- ASSIGNED TO OVERTAKE YOU! MOBILE UNITS HAVE ALSO BEEN ORDERED TO PURSUE!

I THOUGHT WE'D PICK UP A FLASH ON THE UNDERGROUND'S SECRET FREQUENCY, ORMOND! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO GET THAT TRAIN THROUGH-- OR THOSE SIXTY FUGITIVES ARE AS GOOD AS EXECUTED!



SEVERAL MILES BEYOND--

YE GODS, LANCE-- THIS IS GOING TO TAKE NERVE!

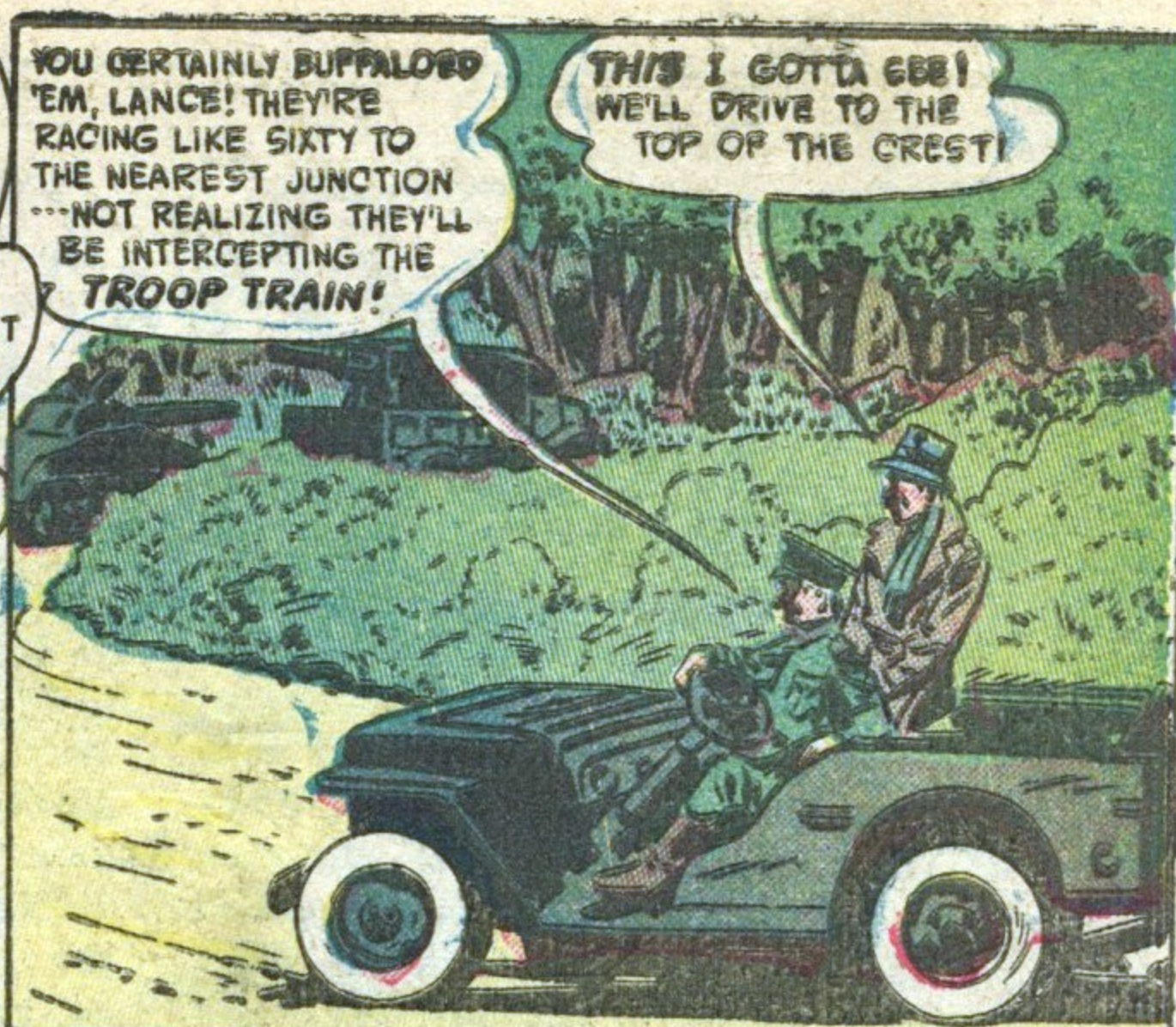
I'LL HANDLE THIS! JUST STAY PUT-- AND LOOK IMPORTANT!





AWA! I CAN SEE WHERE WE GOT THE TIP ON THAT HIJACKED TRAIN, ARVANY... WITH YOU TAKING PART IN THE PUR-SUIT!

THE INFORMATION WAS GARBLED, MAJOR! THE TRAIN CARRYING THOSE TRAITORS DIDN'T LEAVE PRAGUE UNTIL 10:30... IT WILL BE PASSING HERE ANY MINUTE! DON'T SAY YOU HAVEN'T BEEN WARNED... AND REMEMBER THE COLONEL'S IN MY JEEP... WATCHING!



YOU CERTAINLY BUFFALOED 'EM, LANCE! THEY'RE RACING LIKE SIXTY TO THE NEAREST JUNCTION... NOT REALIZING THEY'LL BE INTERCEPTING THE TROOP TRAIN!

THIS I GOTTA SEE! WE'LL DRIVE TO THE TOP OF THE CREST!



MINUTES LATER...

THAT'S A BIG HELP, ORMOND! BY THE TIME THE TRACK'S CLEARED... THE TRAIN THE REDS MEANT TO STOP WILL BE SAFELY ACROSS THE FRONTIER!

BOOM! BOOM! CRASH!



SOON AFTERWARD... WITHIN A FEW MILES OF THE FRONTIER...

IT'S AN ARMY JEEP, FRANZ! THEY WOULDN'T BE SCOUTING THIS CLOSE... UNLESS THERE WERE ARMORED UNITS NEARBY!

THE DOGS AREN'T GOING TO STOP US NOW... NOT WHEN WE'RE ALMOST WITHIN SIGHT OF THE BORDER! WHATEVER HAPPENS, VELMA... WE'RE GETTING THROUGH!



UNEXPECTEDLY...

FRANZ... WAIT! THERE'S THE SIGN OF THE DOUBLE L... IT MEANS LANCE LARSON... IT MEANS WE'RE SAFE!



AT A MIDNIGHT REUNION IN FREE GERMANY...

LANCE... I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT THIS NEW-FOUND FREEDOM MEANS TO US! BY DAWN, THE UNDERGROUND IN EVERY COUNTRY BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN WILL SPREAD THE NEWS... NEWS THAT WILL GIVE FRESH HOPE AND COURAGE TO MILLIONS... LANCE LARSON HAS BEEN BACK!

HONEY, THERE'S GOING TO BE PLENTY OF NEWS SPREAD ON OUR SIDE OF THE IRON CURTAIN... WHEN A CERTAIN NEWSMAN NAMED JIM ORMOND GIVES HIS ACCOUNT OF COMMUNISM IN ACTION!

LANCE LARSON STAGES ANOTHER ONE-MAN COMMANDO RAID FOR DEMOCRACY... IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THE END!

GEM of a PLOT

DARKNESS HAD ALREADY fallen over the city of Singapore when Chip Morrissey, free-lance adventurer and soldier of fortune, walked up to the small, dingy shop in the native quarter and knocked four times on the door. A moment later, the door opened a crack, a wary eye peered out at him, and then the door opened wide.

"Come in, come in, Mr. Morrissey," the fat Portuguese man beamed. "You're right on time for our appointment."

Chip glanced with distaste at the crafty, smirking face and said, "Okay, Monforte... let's see those gems you told me about. I've got fifty thousand dollars in American money in my pockets to pay for them if they're genuine...but I warn you not to try anything funny, because I also happen to have a revolver in my pocket."

Monforte threw up his hands in mock indignation. "But I would *never* think of robbing you...especially since everyone from Singapore to Suez knows how well you use a revolver. Besides, I am an honest man!"

"Cut the malarkey, Monforte. You're one of the biggest crooks in the Far East...and I know it. So let's get down to business...where are the gems?"

Monforte shrugged, and produced a large chamois bag from his inside jacket. Wordlessly, Chip took it, opened the bag, and removed a handful of gems from the top of the large pile inside...and began examining them carefully.

It took every effort of will for Chip to keep from whistling out loud in surprise...for his trained eye immediately discerned that the large rubies, emeralds and sapphires before him were all genuine, worth at least \$10,000 apiece. If all the gems in the bag were genuine, the total worth would be close to a million.

Suddenly, an excited Eurasian flung open the door of the shop and spoke quickly in Portuguese to Monforte. Moments later, Monforte turned worriedly to Chip and said,

"I've just received information that some of my rivals are on the way here to rob me of my gems...we'll have to leave immediately. We can transact our business in a quiet, dark alley I know a few blocks from here."

"Okay," Chip said, "but I'm carrying the gems. I don't want to take a chance on you switching bags and selling me a bag of worthless pieces of glass."

Monforte shrugged. "Very well...but come...we'll have to run."

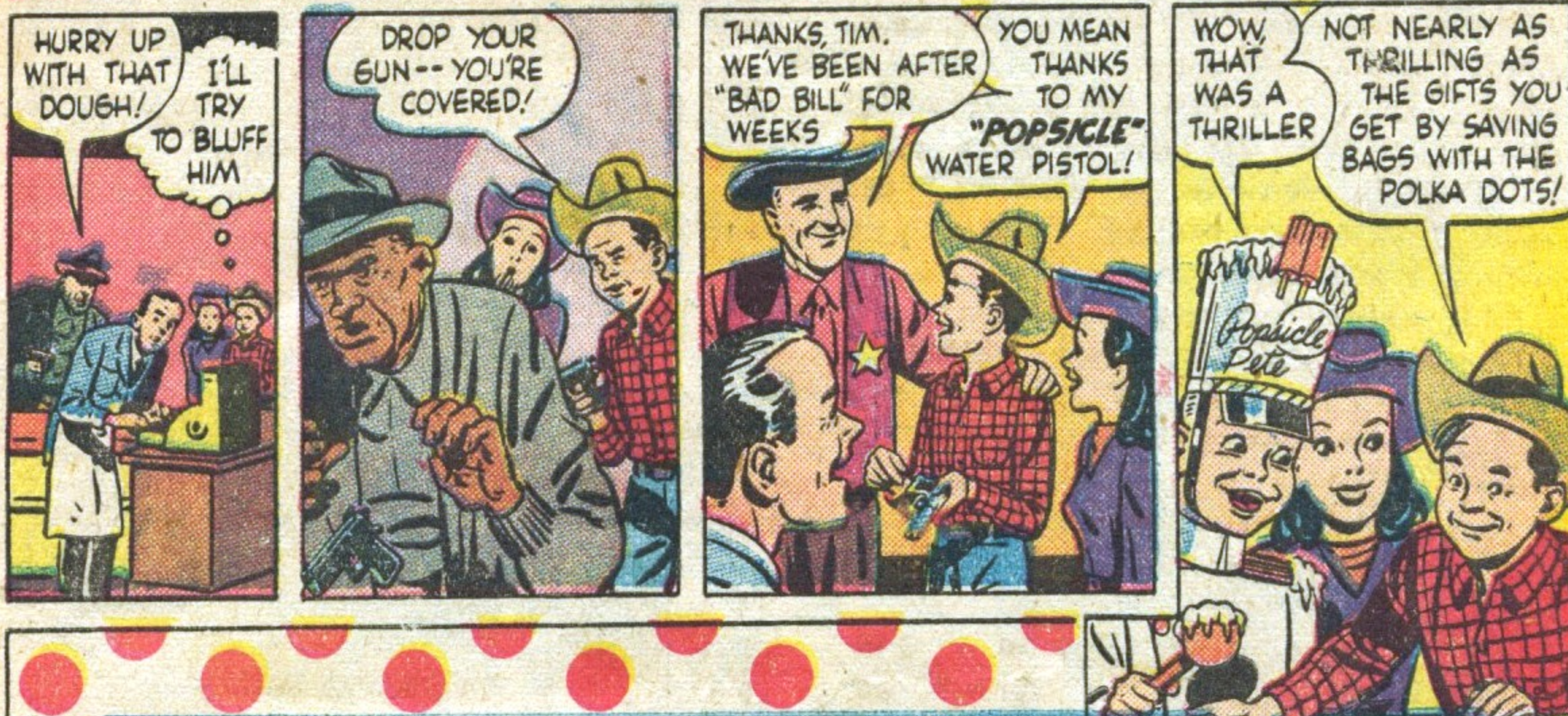
While running through the dark, tortuous alleys of Singapore, Chip realized how cunning was Monforte's plot. The gems in the bag were being shaken up by the run...so that if there had merely been a handful of genuine jewels on top of the bag, they would now be mixed with the remaining batch of fake gems. And since Monforte would insist on transacting their business in the dark alley, for fear of his enemies, Chip would have to be just a bit more cunning than the Portuguese fat man.

Minutes later, Monforte halted in a dark alley and said, "All right...we'll be safe here. Hurry now...pick out the gems you want...at \$1,000 each."

"It's a deal," Chip said, opening the bag. "But I must insist on observing a superstition of mine...I always taste every gem I buy...and if I don't like the taste, I don't buy it."

"A quaint habit," Monforte said, "but go ahead."

Half an hour later, Chip walked away minus \$10,000...but with ten gems worth \$100,000. "Lucky Monforte didn't know that fake or glass gems become warm almost at once when held to the tongue," Chip thought, "and that genuine gems remain cold for some time. He probably thought it would be impossible for me to pick ten real gems out of two hundred phoney ones...but he was sure left holding the bag!"



GET SWELL GIFTS...SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

...or any "on-a-stick" confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" & "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"



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UNSUNG WESTERN HEROES

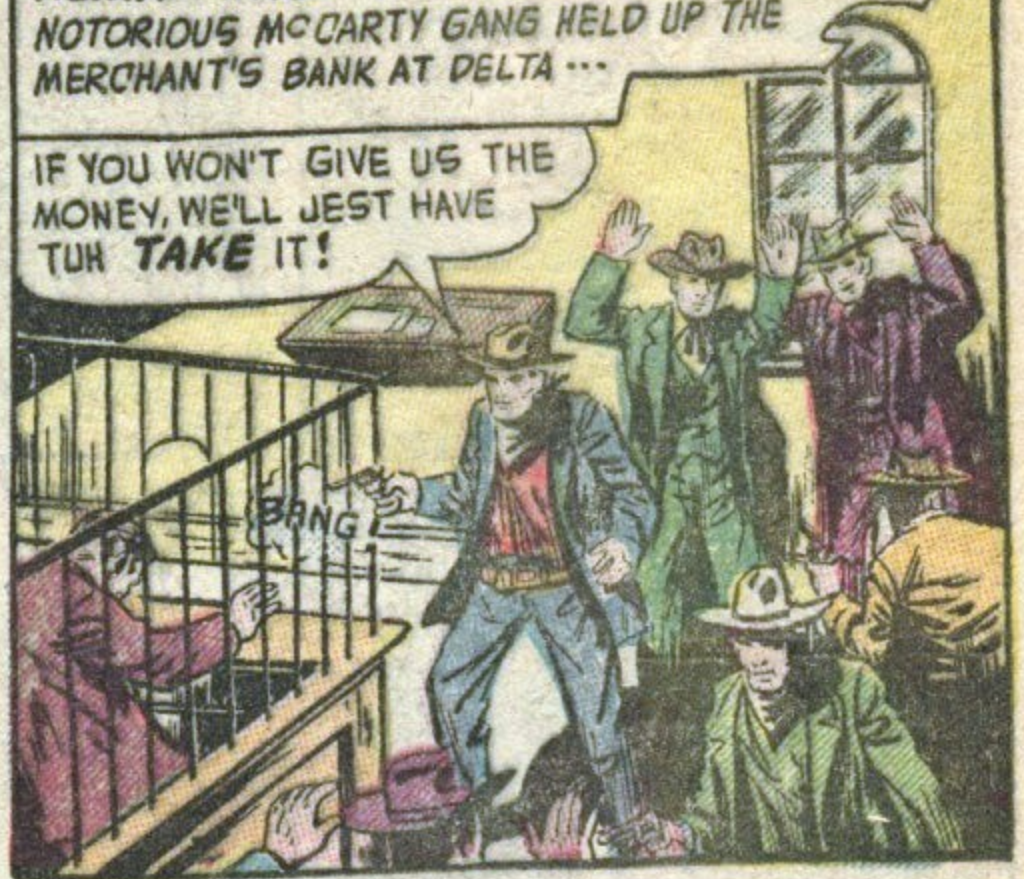
"SHOOTIN"
RAY
SIMPSON

ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY UNSUNG HEROES OF THE OLD WEST WAS W. RAY SIMPSON, A YOUNG HARDWARE MERCHANT OF DELTA, COLORADO--WHOSE UNCANNY FEATS WITH A SIXGUN SOON EARNED HIM THE NICKNAME "SHOOTIN"!



THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN "SHOOTIN" RAY'S ABILITIES WERE PUT TO THE TEST AGAINST HUMAN TARGETS! IT ALL STARTED WHEN THE NOTORIOUS MCCARTY GANG HELD UP THE MERCHANT'S BANK AT DELTA...

IF YOU WON'T GIVE US THE MONEY, WE'LL JEST HAVE TUH TAKE IT!



THEY ROBBED THE BANK... STOP 'EM!

HMMM, SHOOTIN' AT OUTLAWS OUGHTA BE MORE FUN THAN TIN CANS!



GRABBING A REPEATING SHARPS RIFLE, "SHOOTIN" RAY BEGAN CUTTING LOOSE--AND DOWNED BILL MCCARTY WITH A SHOT RIGHT THROUGH THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!

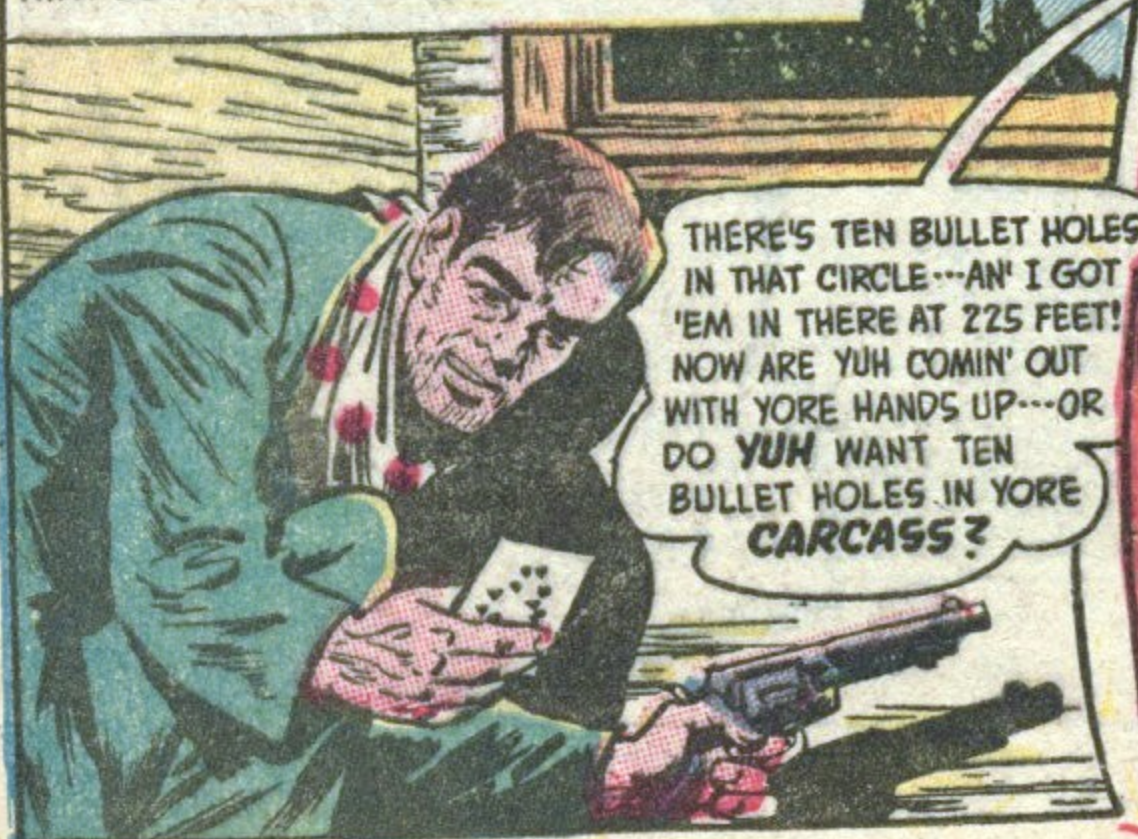


WHEN FRED MCCARTY SWUNG HIS HORSE ABOUT TO REVENGE HIS FATHER'S DEATH, HE GOT A TASTE OF RAY'S SHOOTING PROWESS--WITH A SHOT THAT SPLIT HIS HEART!

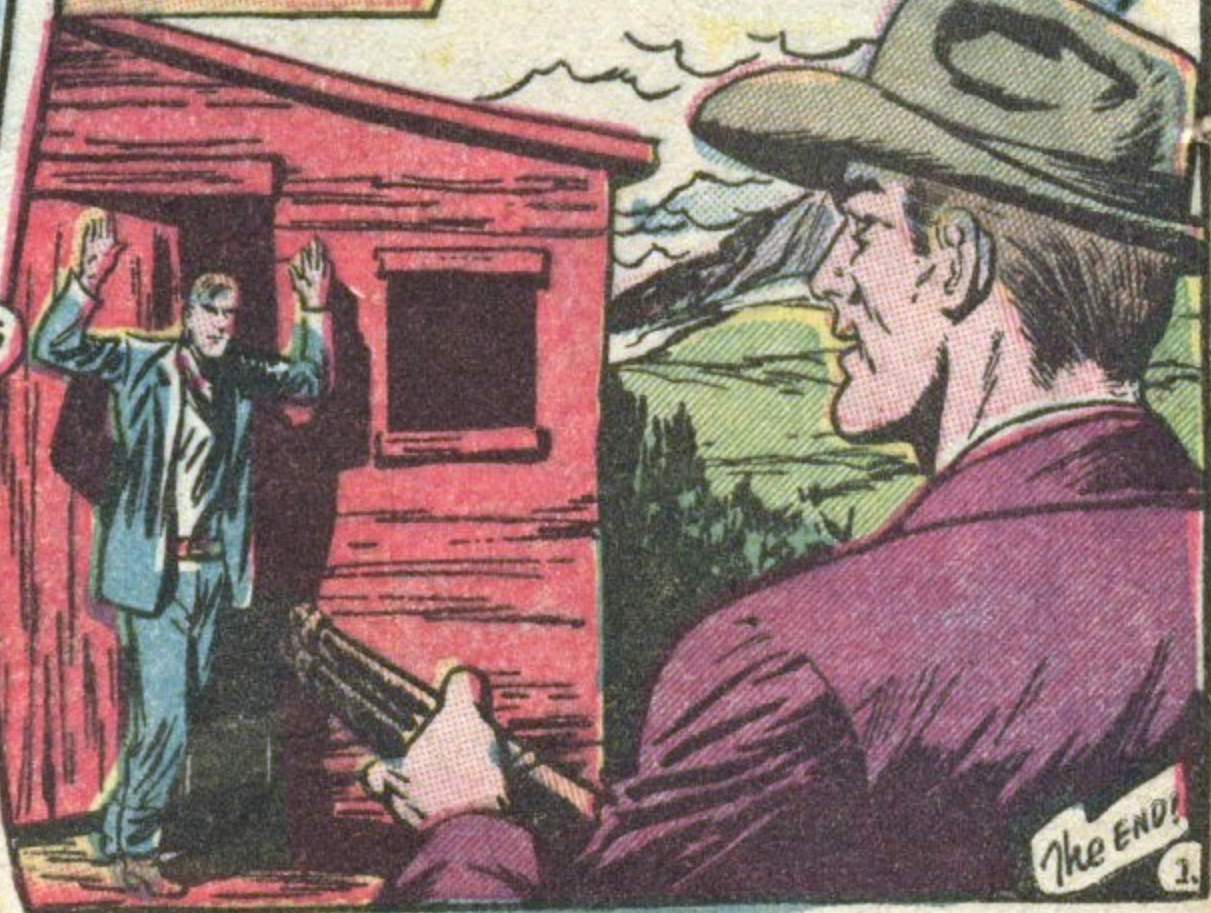


TOM MCCARTY TOOK ONE GLANCE AT THE TWO DEAD BODIES--AND GALLOPED AWAY FOR DEAR LIFE! BUT YOUNG RAY TRACKED HIM DOWN, CORNERED THE OUTLAW IN AN ABANDONED MINER'S CABIN--AND THEN TOSSED A SMALL SQUARE CARDBOARD THROUGH THE WINDOW AT THE FUGITIVE!

THERE'S TEN BULLET HOLES IN THAT CIRCLE--AN' I GOT 'EM IN THERE AT 225 FEET! NOW ARE YUH COMIN' OUT WITH YORE HANDS UP--OR DO YUH WANT TEN BULLET HOLES IN YORE CARCASS?



APPALLED AT THE EVIDENCE OF SUCH SIX-GUN MASTERY, TOM MCCARTY SURRENDERED--AND NO OUTLAW EVER DARED DEFEY "SHOOTIN" RAY SIMPSON AGAIN!



The END!
1.

Captain CROSSBONES



LET'S GO BACK THROUGH TIME, READER... BACK TO THAT LONG-DEAD AGE WHEN BUCCANEERS RULED THE DEEP, AND THE CLANG OF CUTLASSES BESPOKE THE FIGHTING HEARTS OF FIGHTING MEN! THAT WAS THE RED-BLOODED HEYDAY OF CAPTAIN CROSSBONES, BLACK AVENGER OF THE SPANISH MAIN... A DIFFERENT TYPE OF PIRATE, WHO PLACED LOYALTY TO GOOD QUEEN BESS BEFORE PLUNDER! JOIN HIM AND LADY NANCY ON A THRILLING CRUISE ABOARD THE RED ROVER... A CRUISE DESTINED TO WRITE HISTORY IN THE ANNALS OF HAIRBREATH COMBAT!

Golden Whistler

BOARD THE PIRATE BARK... IN THE CHINA SEAS...

I KNOW OUR EXPEDITION IS TO SIGN A TRADE PACT FOR BRITAIN WITH **TSING LOO**, RULER OF THE AMKING PROVINCE, LORD ASHTON! BUT WHY DID THE QUEEN SEND LADY NANCY WITH US?

IT WON'T BE EASY TO SECURE TSING LOO'S AGREEMENT, CAPTAIN CROSSBONES! PERHAPS HER MAJESTY THOUGHT THAT A WOMAN MIGHT KNOW HOW BEST TO DEAL WITH HER!



THAT'S RIGHT! BESIDES, THE QUEEN KNEW HOW MUCH I WANTED TO BE WITH YOU... ESPECIALLY SINCE WORD OF TSING LOO'S **BEAUTY** HAS TRAVELED FAR AND WIDE!

YOU'VE NO WORRY THERE, SWEET... I HAVE EYES BUT FOR **YOU**! BUT I DON'T LIKE YOU WEARING THAT PRICELESS NECKLACE THE QUEEN GAVE YOU-- IT'S A TEMPTATION FOR MY CREW!





THEN...
I WOULDN'T FRET ABOUT THAT, CAPTAIN! NOW THAT WE'RE NEARING OUR DESTINATION, SUPPOSE YOU KEEP THIS ONE FOR SAFE-KEEPING!

ODS BODKINS, IT'S AN EXACT DUPLICATE! BUT WHY... WHAT...



LADY NANCY WEARS BUT A PASTE IMITATION, TO DISTRACT ATTENTION FROM THE REAL NECKLACE! IT'S A GIFT FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH TO TSING LOO... TO WIN FROM HER THE VALUABLE TRADE TREATY WHICH ENGLAND SEEKS! EVEN HERE, WE MUST COMPETE WITH SPAIN, WHICH DESIRES TO BEAT US TO SECURING SUCH A TREATY!

AVAST THERE! LOOK, CROSS-BONES... ON THE PORT SIDE!



NEAR THE CRAGGY CHINESE COASTLINE FLOATS AN ANCIENT JUNK... A PYRE OF SMOKE AND FIRE!



SHE'LL GO DOWN WITH ALL ABOARD... UNLESS...

UNLESS WE ACT... FAST!... HEAVE TO, HELMSMAN! STAND BY... AND HO FOR A RESCUE!



NO... WE CAN'T STOP FOR ANYTHING LIKE THIS! IF THE SPANISH REACH TSING LOO FIRST, OUR MISSION MAY BE A FAILURE!

I'VE GOT ANOTHER MISSION... SAVING INNOCENT LIVES! AND AS LONG AS I'M CAPTAIN OF THE RED ROVER... I ISSUE THE COMMANDS!



BUT ABOARD THE SMOKING CRAFT...

THE ENGLISH DOGS HEAD RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP! AH, DON VENENO WILL BE PLEASED! LET THEM COME CLOSER... CLOSER...



MAKE READY TO BOARD! THE BRITISH COME SEEKING TRADE RIGHTS... BUT THEY'LL FIND DEATH INSTEAD!



LATER...THE IMPERIAL PALACE OF TSING LOO
...WHO RULES AMONG WITH BEAUTY AND BRAINS...

IT WILL COME AS A SURPRISE
TO THE BRITISH TO LEARN
THAT THE SPANIARDS
HAVE ALREADY BEEN
HERE AND HAVE MADE
THEIR OFFER! WILL
YOU ACCEPT IT,
YOUR MAJESTY?

THAT, MY DEAR, DEPENDS
UPON WHAT THE BRITISH
HAVE TO OFFER...WHEN
THEY ARRIVE!



IMPORTANT TIDINGS, OH
EXALTED FLOWER OF
HEAVEN! EVEN AS WE
SPEAK, THE ENGLISH
VESSEL DOCKS IN
THE HARBOR!

EXCELLENT, AH KIM!
GO TO THEM AT ONCE
...ESCORT THEM TO
MY THRONE!



YOUR WORDS ARE MY COMMAND,
EXCELLENCY! IT IS MY HOPE
THAT YOU DECIDE IN THEIR
FAVOR...I LIKE NOT THE
SPANIARDS!

BUT THEY HAVE OFFERED
ME MUCH GOLD! LET US
SEE IF THE BRITISH CAN
DO AS WELL!



EVEN THEN...IN THE HIDEOUT OF DON VENENO, THE
SPANISH ENVOY WHO WOULD TSING LOO FOR THE TRADE
TREASURES OF HER LAND...

RELEASE US...
OR DARE THE
WRATH OF
ENGLAND!

SPANISH MIGHT FEARS
NOT YOUR PALTRY NATION!
AH, MY SPIES DID WELL
IN INTERCEPTING YOU!



KEEP...KEEP
YOUR HANDS
OFF HER,
OR...

SILENCE,
FOOL! THIS
NECKLACE...IT'S
WORTH A KING'S
RANSOM! YOU
WERE WISE,
HOPING TO WIN
A WOMAN THUS
... BUT NOW...



Suddenly...

EXCELLENCY, I RETURN FROM
SPYING ON TSING LOO'S
COURT...WHERE EVEN
NOW, THEY PREPARE TO
WELCOME THE
BRITISH
AMBASSADOR!

BUT...
BUT THAT IS
IMPOSSIBLE!
HE IS HERE
...MY
PRISONER!



THERE'S TRICKERY IN THE
WIND, AMIGOS...DEPEND
ON IT! GUARD OUR GUESTS
...WHILE I GO TO DIS-
COVER WHAT ALL THIS
MEANS!





MEANWHILE, AT THE MANSION--

THIS PLAN OF YOURS IS MADNESS, CROSSBONES! HOW CAN YOU HOPE TO IMPERSONATE LORD ASHTON, THE AMBASSADOR?

SOMEBODY'S GOT TO DO IT...OR LET THE SPANISH WALK OFF WITH THAT TRADE TREATY UNDER OUR NOSES! WISH ME LUCK!

BUT...BUT SUPPOSE YOU'RE FOUND OUT? THESE CHINESE ARE TOUCHY...THEY'LL BOIL YOU IN OIL!

IT'S THE CHANCE I'VE GOT TO RUN...FOR ENGLAND! AND WHILE I'M GONE, DUKE...TAKE THE RED ROVER AND SEARCH THE COAST FOR SOME TRACE OF NANCY AND LORD ASHTON!



AND SO--

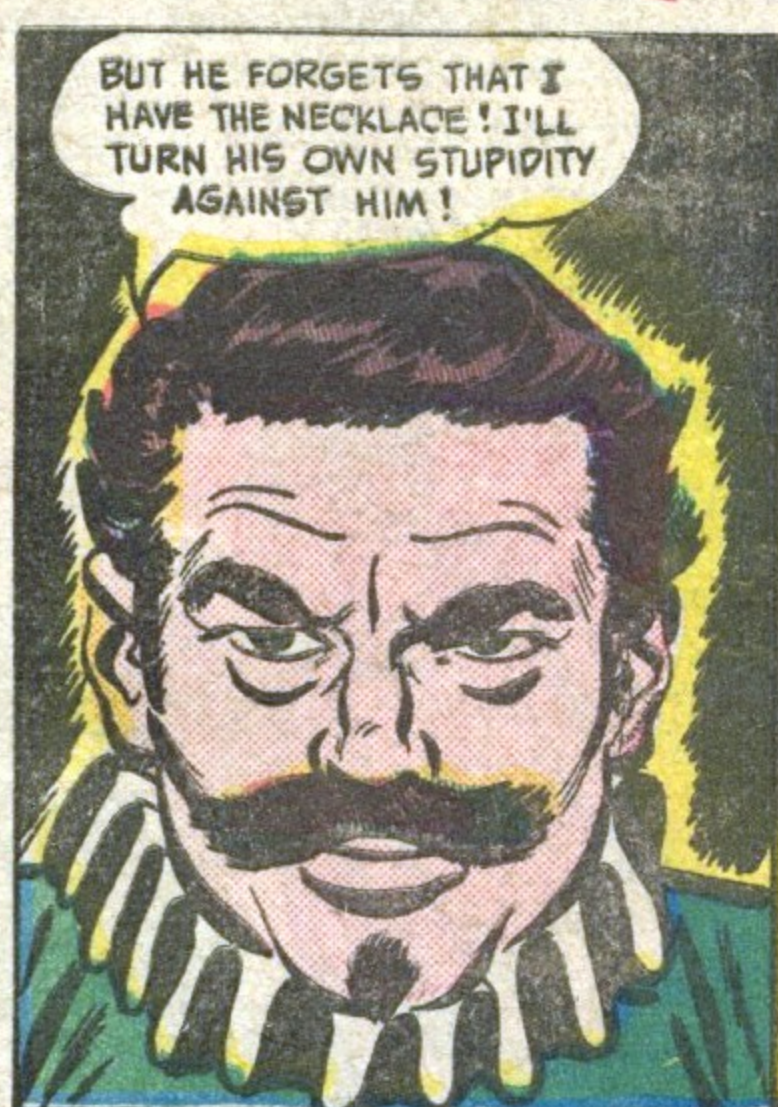
YOU SAY TSIING LOO WILL MAKE UP HER MIND AFTER SHE'S SEEN ME, AH KIM?

YES, YOUR LORDSHIP! AND MAY BUDDHA LEND YOU A SILVER TONGUE TO CHARM HER EARS!



LOOK, DON VENENO! IT'S CAPTAIN CROSSBONES---POSING AS THE BRITISH ENVOY!

SO THAT'S HIS SCHEME!



BUT HE FORGETS THAT I HAVE THE NECKLACE! I'LL TURN HIS OWN STUPIDITY AGAINST HIM!



WITHIN THE IMPERIAL COURTROOM--

I BRING HER MAJESTY'S GREETINGS TO THE HONORABLE TSIING LOO---AND ALSO A MORE TANGIBLE TOKEN OF ENGLAND'S ESTEEM!

AH, BUT HE IS HANDSOME, THIS BRITISH ENVOY!

AND THIS TOKEN---WHAT IS IT?



THIS, YOUR HIGHNESS---ONE OF MY EMPIRE'S MOST PRIZED POSSESSIONS! IT IS YOURS!

IT...IT'S BREATH-TAKING!

YES, EXALTED ONE...BUT MERE PASTE!



DON VENENO! WHAT
...WHAT IS THE MEAN-
ING OF THIS IN-
TRUSION?

EXALTED ONE, THIS MAN IS
AN **IMPOSTOR**, WHO HAS
DARED BRING YOU FALSE
GEMS! HE IS **CAPTAIN
CROSSBONES**...A
**MURDEROUS
PIRATE!**



AND HERE IS THE
REAL NECKLACE
...A GIFT TO YOU
FROM THE SPANISH
CROWN, WHICH
BEGS A TRADE
ALLIANCE WITH
YOU!

YOU'VE OUTSMARTED YOUR-
SELF, YOU SWINE... THE MEREST
COMPARISON OF THE TWO
NECKLACES WILL SHOW
WHICH IS FALSE! BUT YOUR
POSSESSION OF THE SECOND
PROVES THAT YOU HOLD MY
FRIENDS CAPTIVE! **DRAW,
COWARD!**



A SWASHBUCKLING DUEL!

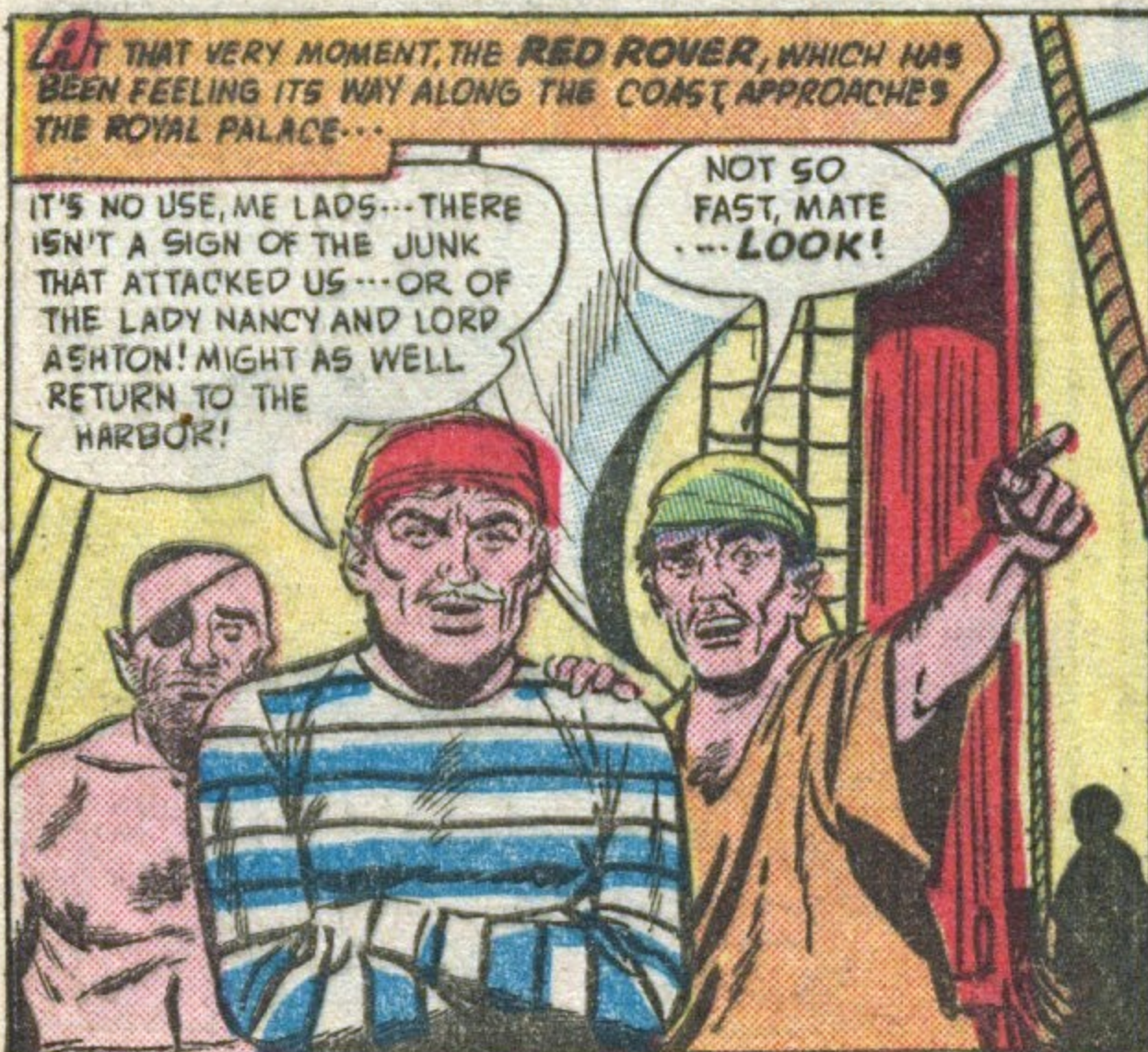
I'LL...MAKE YOU TELL ME
WHERE THEY ARE...EVEN
IF I HAVE TO...CARVE
THE INFORMATION
OUT OF YOU!

YOU'VE MADE A FATAL
MISTAKE, **CROSSBONES**
...CROSSING BLADES
WITH THE GREATEST
SWORDSMAN IN
SPAIN!



GUARDS, NO! SEIZE
THESE ROGUES, WHO
DARE PROFANE THE
PEACE OF MY PALACE!

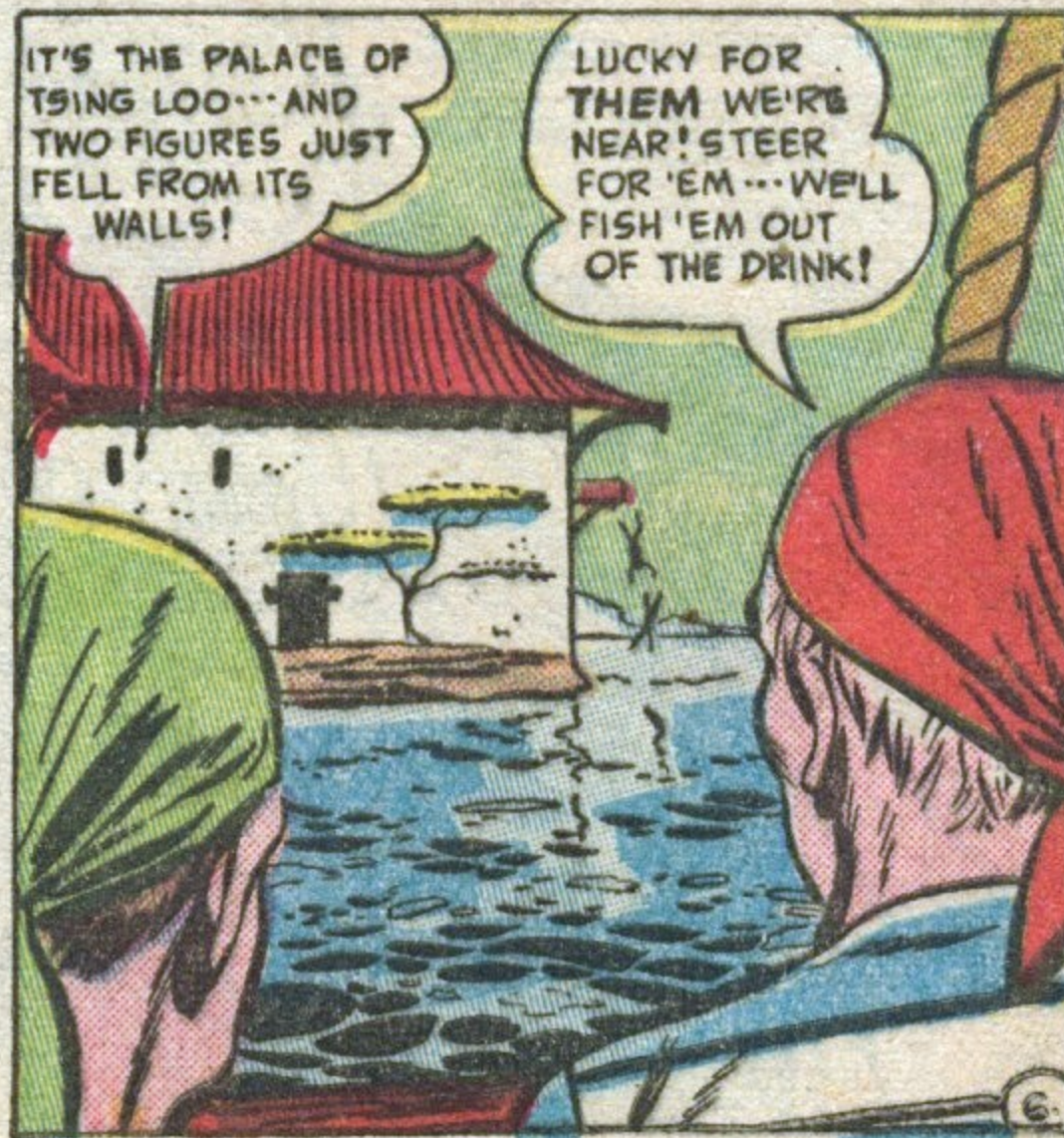
TOO LATE, YOUR
MAJESTY! **LOOK**
...THEY BOTH
FALL!



**AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE RED ROVER, WHICH HAS
BEEN FEELING ITS WAY ALONG THE COAST, APPROACHES
THE ROYAL PALACE...**

IT'S NO USE, ME LADS...THERE
ISN'T A SIGN OF THE JUNK
THAT ATTACKED US...OR OF
THE LADY NANCY AND LORD
ASHTON! MIGHT AS WELL
RETURN TO THE
HARBOR!

NOT SO
FAST, MATE
...**LOOK!**



IT'S THE PALACE OF
TSING LOO...AND
TWO FIGURES JUST
FELL FROM ITS
WALLS!

LUCKY FOR
THEM WE'RE
NEAR! STEER
FOR 'EM...WE'LL
FISH 'EM OUT
OF THE DRINK!



RESCUE...AND A STUNNING SURPRISE!

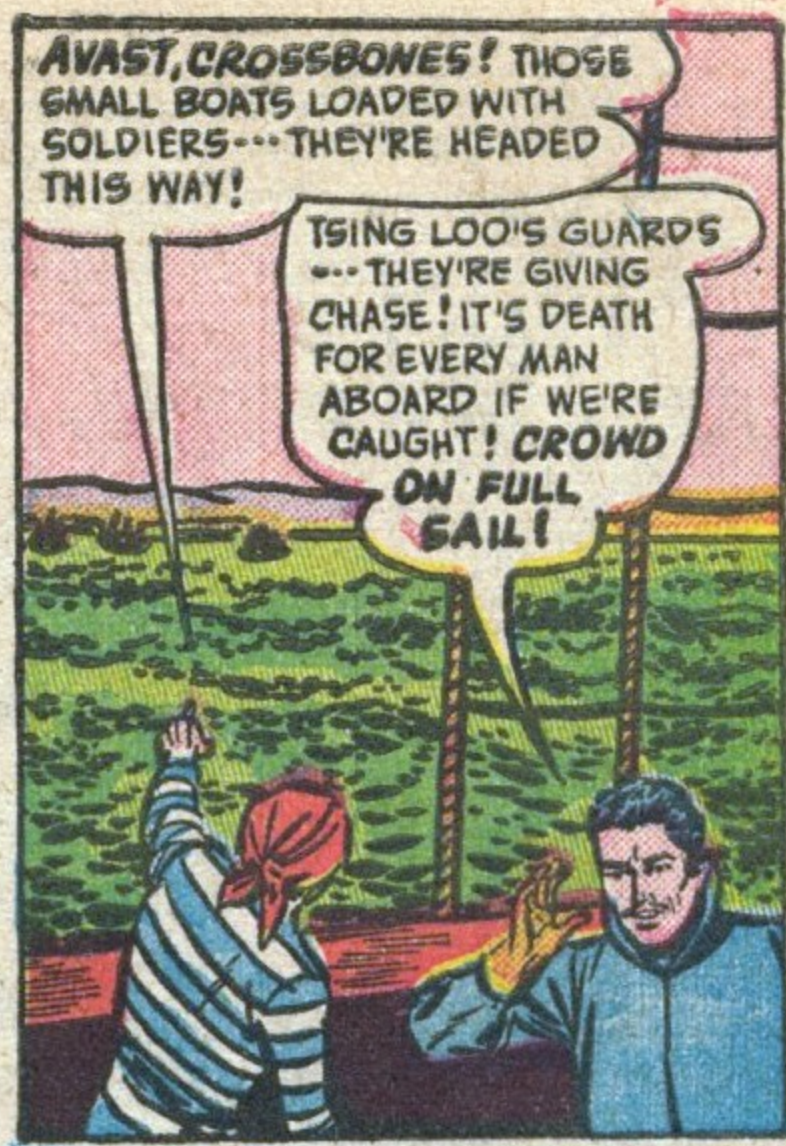
CROSSBONES!
I...I NEVER DREAMED IT WAS YOU WHO...

NO TIME FOR TALK, DUKE! MEET DON VENENO... THE SPANISH ENVOY! SOMETHING TELLS ME HE'S GOT NEWS FOR US!



AND HE'D BETTER SPILL IT...OR DIE! TALK UP! WHERE ARE LADY NANCY AND LORD ASHTON?

MERCY...
MERCY, CAPITAN!
I...I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING...



AVAST, CROSSBONES! THOSE SMALL BOATS LOADED WITH SOLDIERS...THEY'RE HEADED THIS WAY!

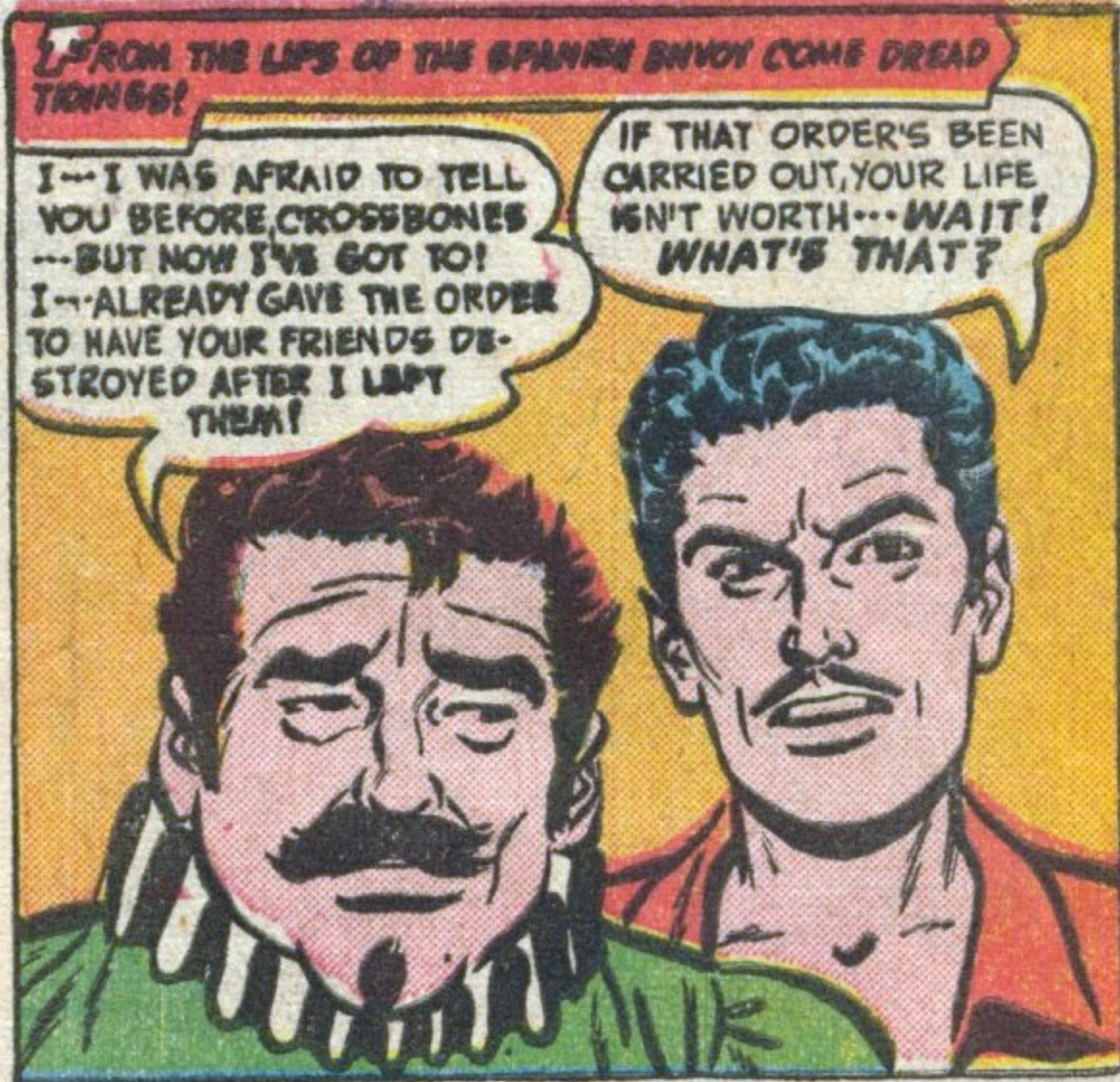
TSING LOO'S GUARDS...THEY'RE GIVING CHASE! IT'S DEATH FOR EVERY MAN ABOARD IF WE'RE CAUGHT! **CROWD ON FULL SAIL!**



WITH A FAIR WIND AND FULL SAILS, THE SPEEDING RED ROVER SOON LOSES ITS PURSUERS! THEN, ANXIOUS FACES SCAN THE SHORE AS...

THAT'S WHERE YOUR FRIENDS ARE HIDDEN...THAT BUDDHIST TEMPLE! BUT NONE MAY ENTER EXCEPT ON SIGNAL...NOT EVEN I!

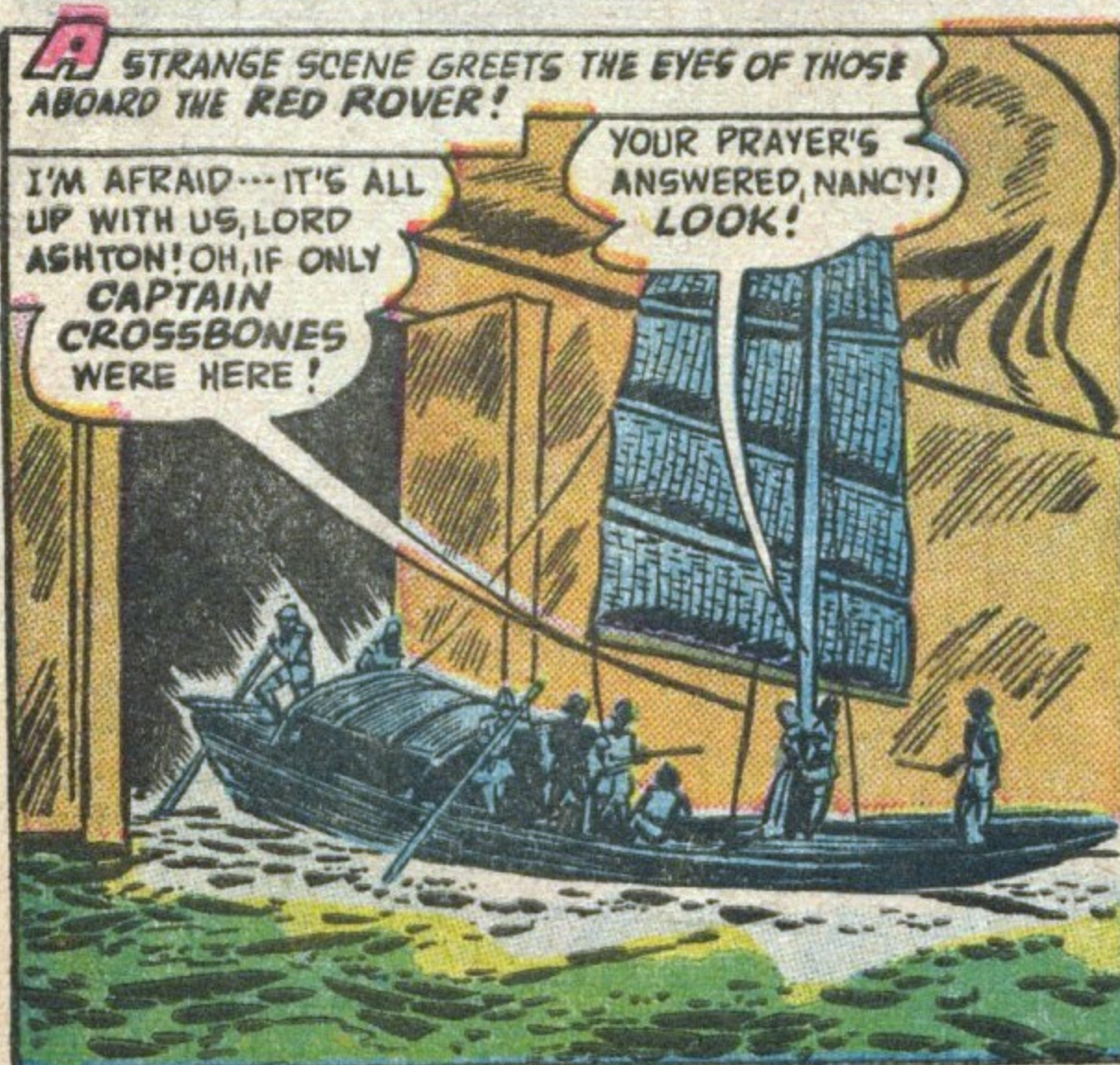
THIS PISTOL SAYS YOU'LL GIVE THE SIGNAL, VENENO!



FROM THE LIPS OF THE SPANISH ENVOY COME DREAD THINGS!

I...I WAS AFRAID TO TELL YOU BEFORE, CROSSBONES...BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO! I...ALREADY GAVE THE ORDER TO HAVE YOUR FRIENDS DESTROYED AFTER I LEFT THEM!

IF THAT ORDER'S BEEN CARRIED OUT, YOUR LIFE ISN'T WORTH...WAIT! WHAT'S THAT?



A STRANGE SCENE GREET'S THE EYES OF THOSE ABOARD THE RED ROVER!

I'M AFRAID...IT'S ALL UP WITH US, LORD ASHTON! OH, IF ONLY CAPTAIN CROSSBONES WERE HERE!

YOUR PRAYER'S ANSWERED, NANCY! LOOK!



NANCY...AND HIS LORDSHIP! BUT THEY'RE IN A BAD WAY, SKIPPER!

IF EVER WE HAD TO MOVE FAST...IT'S NOW!



This never happened to your bike before!

The ALL new

U.S. ROYAL RIDER

"JET-RIDE"

**Quicker on the getaway...
faster on the straightaway...
exciting new Pedal Power!**

- Pedals twice as easy as any other balloon tire made! Gives you Pedal Power that does what pedal-pumping once did. It's the "jet ride" design that does it! And you can coast 165% farther!
- Lasts Twice as Long as ordinary bike tires! Extra-tough rubber tread backed up by 3 layers of Super-strong Rayon. That's what makes it last!
- Maneuvers like a "Lightweight"—Special Steering Treads (narrow and streamlined) for real bike control.
- Grips and Holds the Road in all directions! The new Royal Rider tread clings on the curves—stops on a dime!

Be the first in your neighborhood with Royal Riders. Step away from the gang with "Jet Ride" today!



U.S. ROYAL

**BICYCLE
TIRES**

PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Hoot

OWL

THE SUN WAS setting over the Talkeetna Mountains in southern Alaska, and far off in the distance a fox barked at the coming of night. Hank Halliday paused to listen to the barks as he trudged along the trail that led through the dense forest from his small placer gold mine to his cabin up the slope...and he grinned as he looked at his wrist-watch and saw that the fox was right on time again tonight.

Ever since Hank had struck gold in the lonely, rugged Alaskan Mountains, he had learned to love all the forest noises...for they were frequently the only sounds he heard for weeks on end. In the long evenings after getting back to his cabin, he would sit and study the barkings of foxes, the hooting of the Alaskan owls, the howling of wolves...and he soon found that many animals kept exact schedules. That fox, for example, could be counted on to bark at precisely the same minute each evening...and it gave Hank a gratifying feeling of security to know that the world of nature was so dependable and predictable.

Hank had also found the world of nature to be bountiful...for in the brief half year he had been there, he had extracted over \$100,000 worth of gold dust from the rich vein he had struck. Four times he had made the long, lonely trek down to the town of Talkeetna to deposit his gold in the local bank...and each time the amount of gold he had brought down from the mountains had caused excited comment among the townspeople.

Naturally, Hank never told his eager questioners just where his gold strike was located. But he had to pay a price for his silence...for upon each return to the mountains, Hank had to take tortuous false trails for days on end before he could finally shake off the dozens of gold-hungry men who followed him in an attempt to learn his secret.

He had always managed to lose his trailers in the wild ruggedness of the Talkeetna forests...but now, as Hank entered his crude cabin and unslung the day's pouches of gold dust, he suddenly froze in fear as a voice spoke out from the shadows behind the cabin door: "*Reach...or die!*"

Hank raised his arms and slowly turned around. The man crouching near the door held a revolver on him, and the gunman's face was twisted in a sneer of triumph as he said, "Ha...you thought all the Talkeetna townsmen had given up tryin' to find your shack and gold strike...but I never gave up! I've been prowlin' around in these mountains for the last two months, knowin' I'd find you sooner or later. An' now I'm gonna blast your head off, take your gold... an' work your mine for myself!"

Thinking swiftly, Hank glanced at the wall clock above the fire-place. "Don't be a fool," he said calmly. "Don't you think I knew someone would stumble on my cabin sooner or later? Don't you think I took steps to protect myself? There's only one trail you could have used to come up this part of the mountain...and two prospector friends of mine are always watching that trail. They agreed to follow anyone who came up that trail toward my cabin... and if you want proof, just listen!"

Hank cupped his hands to his mouth, let out with a mournful owl hoot...a moment later, an answering owl hoot came from outside the cabin. "They answered my signal," Hank said. "They're outside the window right now, with rifles pointing at you."

The gunman turned white and glanced toward the window. An instant later, Hank's fist smashed against the man's jaw, knocking him senseless. Picking up the fallen gun, Hank turned to the window and grinned, "Thanks, you old hoot owl... you were right on time again tonight!"

ACE CARTER

ADVENTURER

IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO LAUGH AT THE JUNGLE GODS... WHEN YOU'RE SWAPPING YARNS ON THE SWELTERING DECK OF AN ORE SHIP TIED UP AT A VENEZUELAN PORT! BUT ACE CARTER HAS BEEN AROUND ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT LEGENDS HAVE AN ODD HABIT OF TRAPPING THE UNWARY... AND THAT A BEAUTIFUL GODDESS WHO COMES TO LIFE CAN MEAN A DOZEN SPEARS WHIZZING FROM THE PALM FRONDS!



IN A SMALL TOWN AT THE FRINGE OF THE VENEZUELAN JUNGLE...

STRANGE... I WAS TOLD THERE'D BE NO ONE IN THIS BURG TO HELP ME GET MY PLANE REFUELED OTHER THAN A FEW INDIAN PEASANTS... BUT THESE CHARACTERS DON'T LOOK LIKE LOCALS TO ME! HMM... HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE... HEADING FOR ME!



GIMME A BEER! ... CARTER... I GOT SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU!

YOU KNOW ME, EH? OKAY... WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?





Then... AS THE LAZY AFTERNOON CRACKLES INTO LETHAL MOTION...





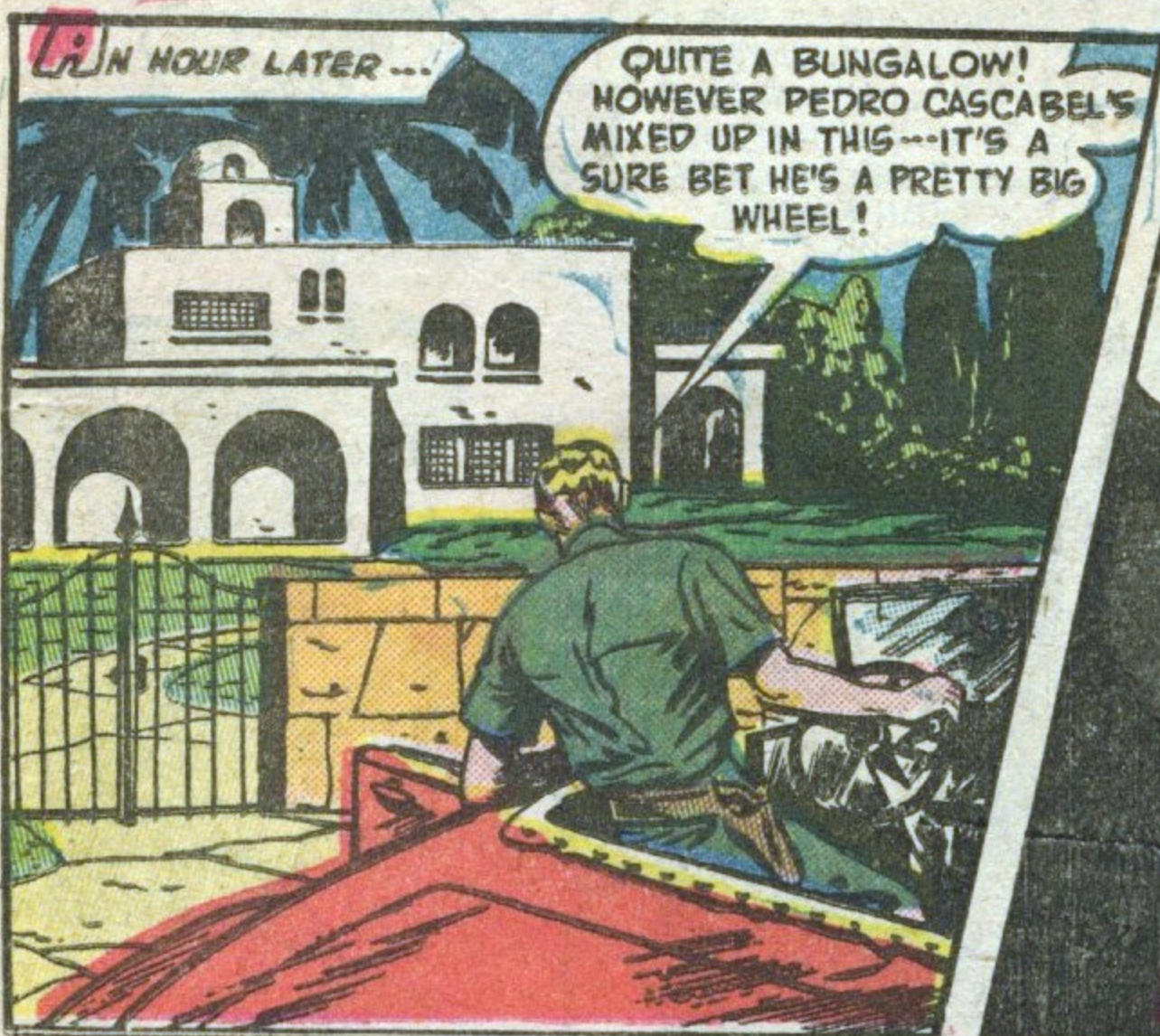
YOU MIGHT AT THAT, **CHIQUITA!** I'M LOOKING FOR THE LOCAL CLINK... **JEFETURA**, TO YOU!

IT'S OVER THERE... TWO CORNERS FROM THE SQUARE! BUT DO YOU HAVE TO GO **IMMEDIATELY**... ISN'T THERE SOMETHING ELSE...?

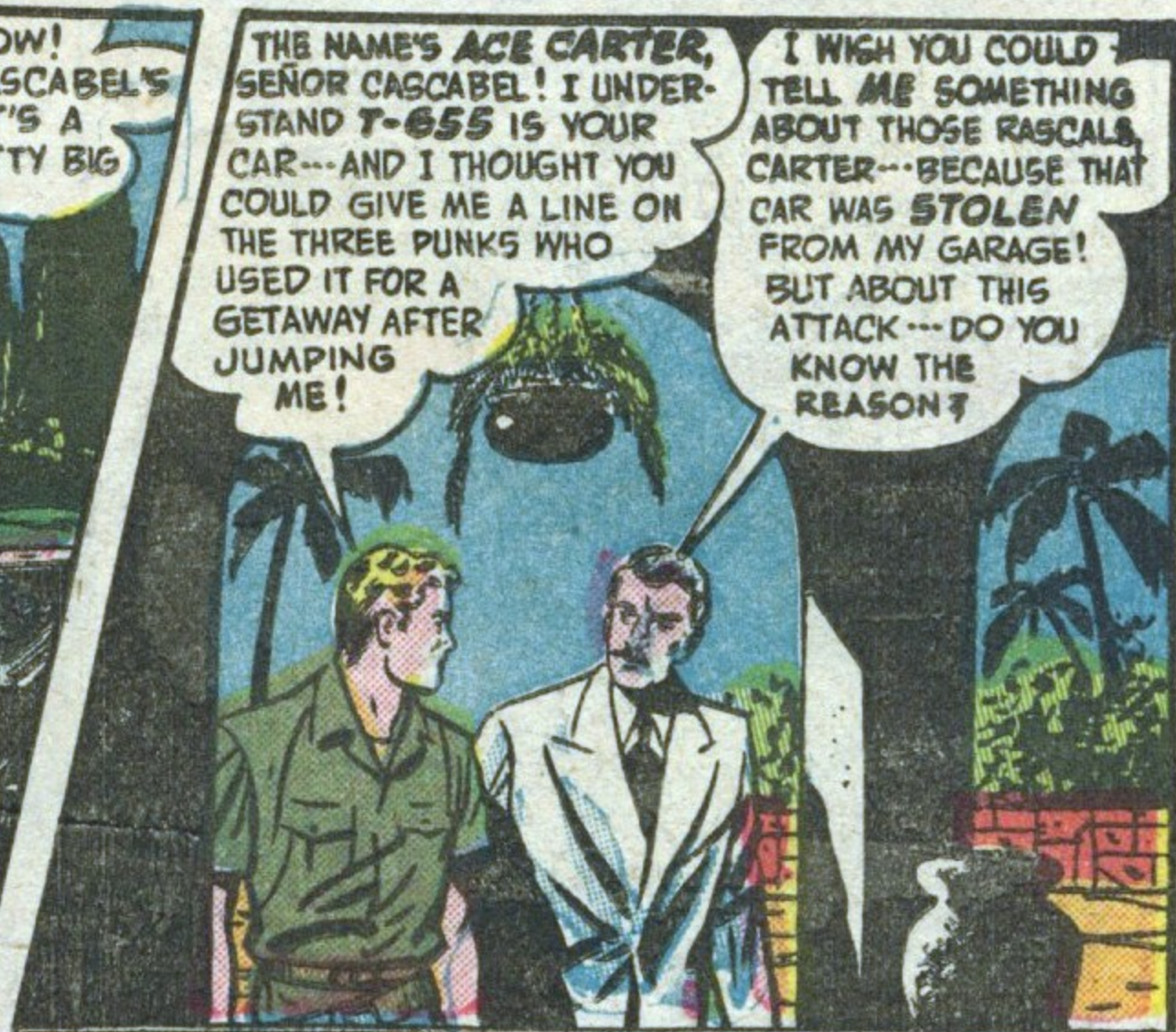


T-655...ARE YOU SURE, AMIGO? **THAT** CAR IS OWNED BY SEÑOR PEDRO CASCABEL... IN MARACAY!

THIRTY MILES FROM HERE, EH? THANKS, GENERALISSIMO... GUESS I CAN HIRE A CAR AND BE BACK HERE IN TIME TO TAKE OFF AT DAWN!



ONE HOUR LATER...
QUITE A BUNGALOW! HOWEVER PEDRO CASCABEL'S MIXED UP IN THIS...IT'S A SURE BET HE'S A PRETTY BIG WHEEL!



THE NAME'S **ACE CARTER**, SEÑOR CASCABEL! I UNDERSTAND **T-655** IS YOUR CAR...AND I THOUGHT YOU COULD GIVE ME A LINE ON THE THREE PUNKS WHO USED IT FOR A GETAWAY AFTER JUMPING ME!

I WISH YOU COULD TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE RASCALS, CARTER...BECAUSE THAT CAR WAS **STOLEN** FROM MY GARAGE! BUT ABOUT THIS ATTACK...DO YOU KNOW THE REASON?



I CAN TAKE A STAB AT IT! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HEARD OF **CIMA RICA**... THE MOUNTAIN THAT'S ALMOST PURE IRON ORE...DEEP IN THE BUSH ABOUT A HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF THE ORINOCO!

NATURALLY...IT'S ALMOST A LEGEND AMONG US VENEZUELAN! MILLIONS OF TONS OF ORE, WAITING FOR THE BLAST FURNACES OF THE WORLD...AND ONLY ONE OBSTACLE! **CIMA RICA** LIES IN THE COUNTRY OF THE **CHACORO INDIANS**...THE FIERCEST HEADHUNTERS IN THE JUNGLE!

THAT'S MY PITCH, CASCABEL! THE UNITED STEEL COMPANY'S HIRED ME TO PARLEY WITH THE CHACORO...TRY TO GAIN THEIR CONFIDENCE...AND OFFER A GOOD PRICE FOR THE MOUNTAIN! JUST THAT...PLUS BRINGING BACK A SAMPLE OF THE ORE!



THEY SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU WHAT YOU'LL BE UP AGAINST, CARTER! IT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE THAT **CIMA RICA** IS SACRED TO **CHUCHA**...THE ANCIENT GODDESS OF THE CHACORO! ACCORDING TO THE JUNGLE GRAPEVINE, SHE ACTUALLY **APPEARS** ON CIMA RICA FROM TIME TO TIME...TO WARN THE INDIANS OF THE APPROACH OF STRANGERS! AN OLD HAND EASY ENOUGH TO SCOFF HERE... BUT IF IT HAPPENS WHILE YOU'RE IN THE CHACORO COUNTRY... **YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT ALIVE!**

CASCABEL, I'M AN OLD HAND AT DEALING WITH WHAMMIES AND VAGUE THREATS...AS WELL AS THE MORE DIRECT KIND I HANDLED THIS AFTERNOON! THANKS FOR THE ADVICE... BUT I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES WITH **CHUCHA!**



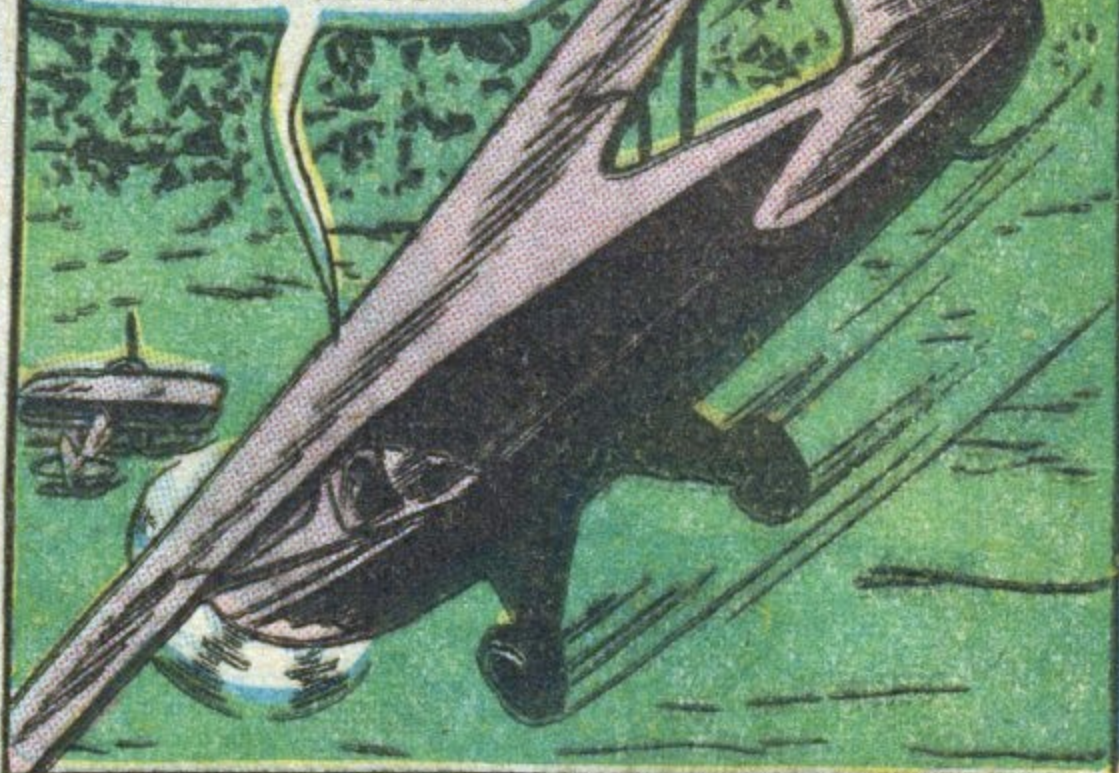
EARLY NEXT MORNING...

THERE'S A STRETCH OF FLAT GRASSLAND SUITABLE FOR A LANDING... ONE DAY'S MARCH FROM CIMA RICA! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE LAST LAP ON FOOT... AND I'D BETTER HOPE I DON'T STOP A CHACORO SPEAR BEFORE I HAVE A CHANCE TO WIN THEM OVER!



HOURS LATER... AS ACE PREPARES TO LAND...

HOLY SMOKE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT GRUMMAN DUCK'S DOING *HERE*... UNLESS I'M SLATED FOR ANOTHER HASSLE WITH THOSE THREE STUMBLEBUMS!



MY GOSH, HONEY... WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

I'M LOLA VALDES... THE ONLY PASSENGER ON AN UNSCHEDULED FLIGHT TO CARACAS! THE PLANE WAS FORCED DOWN BY MOTOR TROUBLE YESTERDAY... AND THE PILOT HEADED INTO THE JUNGLE LOOKING FOR A TRAIL! I'VE BEEN WAITING... BUT HE HASN'T RETURNED!



CONSIDERING THIS IS CHACORO COUNTRY, I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND ON MY WAY THROUGH THE BUSH... AND SEE IF I CAN FIND HIS REMAINS!

DON'T LEAVE ME HERE! I BEG YOU... LET ME GO ALONG!



YOU'RE ASKING FOR TROUBLE, LOLA! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF CHUCHA, THE GODDESS OF CIMA RICA-- AND THE DIM VIEW SHE TAKES OF STRANGERS?

EVERYONE KNOWS CHUCHA IS JUST A MYTH! AND AS FOR THE CHACORO... I'LL CERTAINLY BE A LOT SAFER WITH YOU THAN STAYING HERE ALONE! PLEASE...?



OKAY... BUT IT'S APT TO GET RUGGED! CAN YOU HANDLE A GUN?

I HOPE IT WON'T BE NECESSARY... BECAUSE *THAT'S* SOMETHING I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE TO YOU! I'M MORTALLY AFRAID OF FIREARMS!



MILES BEYOND... IN A WILDERNESS THAT PRESSES CLOSE LIKE A GREEN CONSPIRACY...

SOMEWHERE... I'VE SEEN THIS DISH BEFORE! BUT NO USE TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT NOW, WHEN I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE ON MY MIND... THE STRONG IMPRESSION OF BEING WATCHED BY HIDDEN EYES!



EYES...PEERING FROM AMONG THE GLISTENING BANANA FRONDS...GLARING THROUGH THE LATTICED PALMS...



...EYES THAT HAVE MARKED ACE CARTER FOR DEATH!



LATE THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

WE'RE JUST A FEW MILES FROM CIMA RICA, LOLA! MAYBE I'M STICKING MY NECK OUT...BUT THE SOONER I MAKE CONTACT WITH THE CHACORO...THE SOONER I'LL BE ABLE TO BLAST A SAMPLE OF IRON ORE!

ACE, I CAN'T EXPLAIN...BUT IN JUST THIS SHORT TIME I FEEL I'VE COME TO KNOW YOU...AND...



PLEASE DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS! JUST TURN BACK...**NOW!**

BABY, I'VE HEARD THAT LINE BEFORE...**ONLY THIS TIME**...THERE'S A DIFFERENCE!



FOR AN INSTANT, THE HALF-CLOSED EYES HOLD ALL THE MYSTERY AND WARNING OF A WOMAN WITH A SECRET...AND IN THAT ONE LINGERING GLANCE COMES A FLASH OF RECOGNITION!

HOLY SMOKE! NOW I REMEMBER HER...THE GIRL WHOSE PICTURE I SAW IN CASCABEL'S HOME!

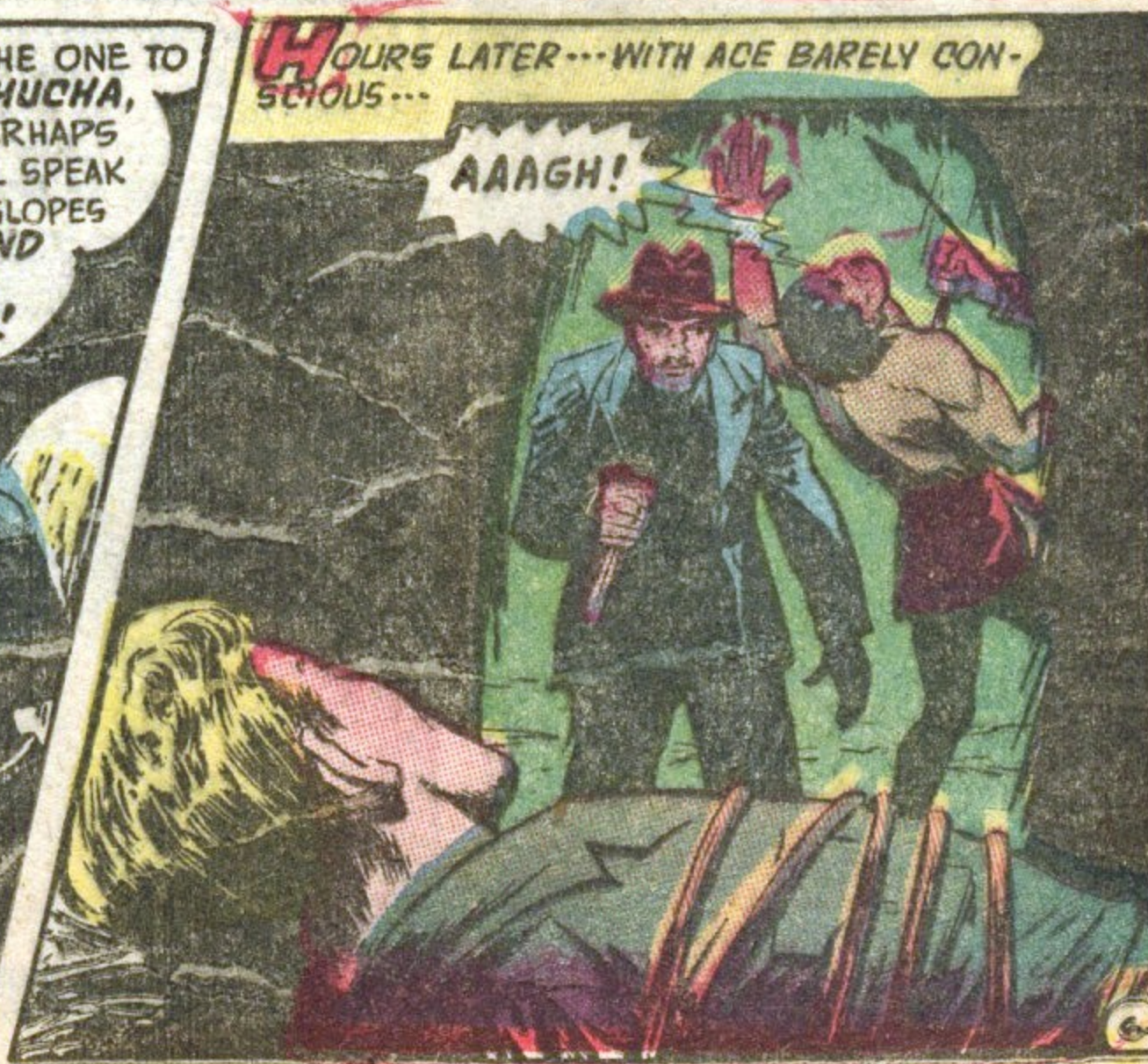
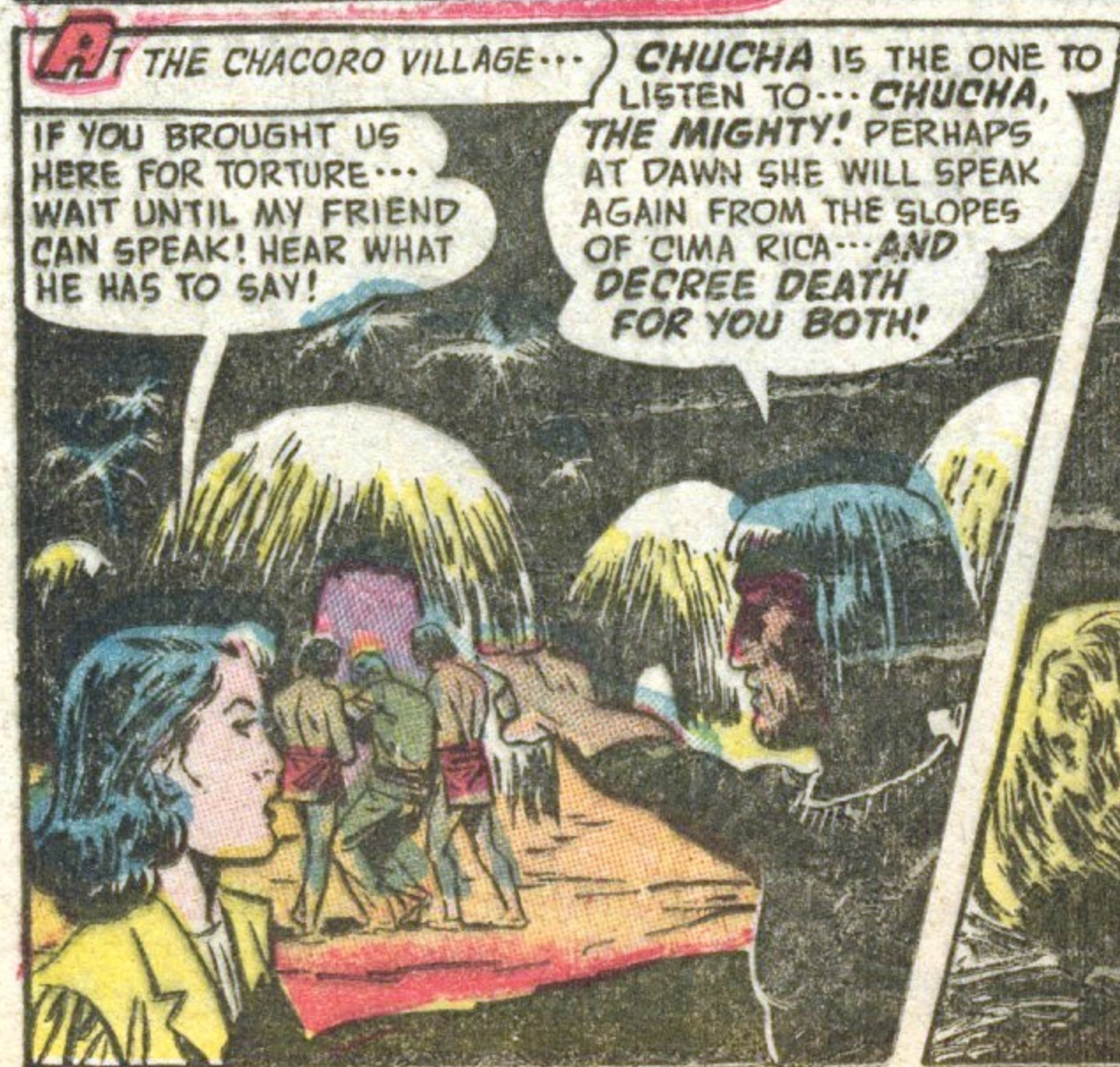
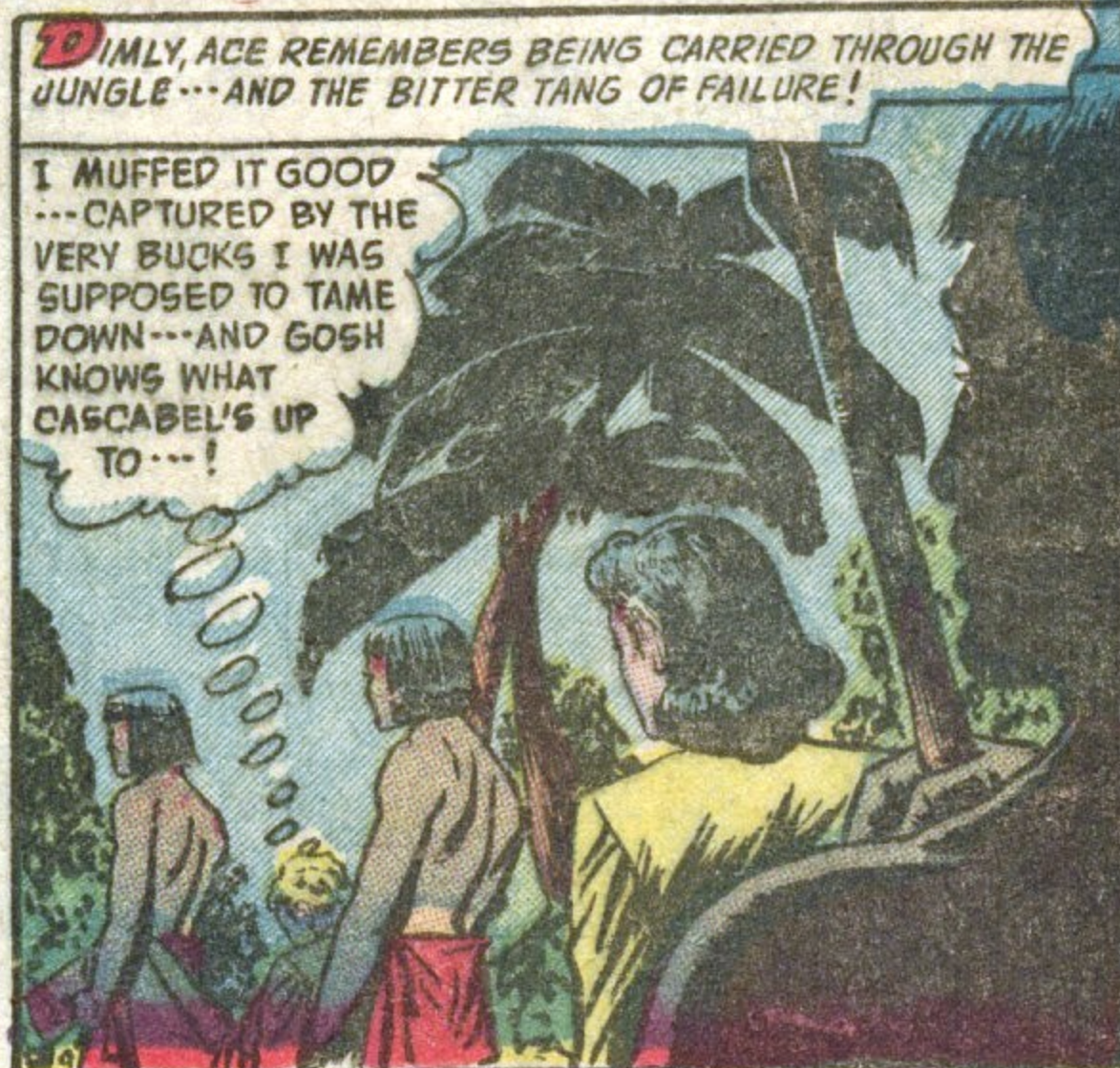
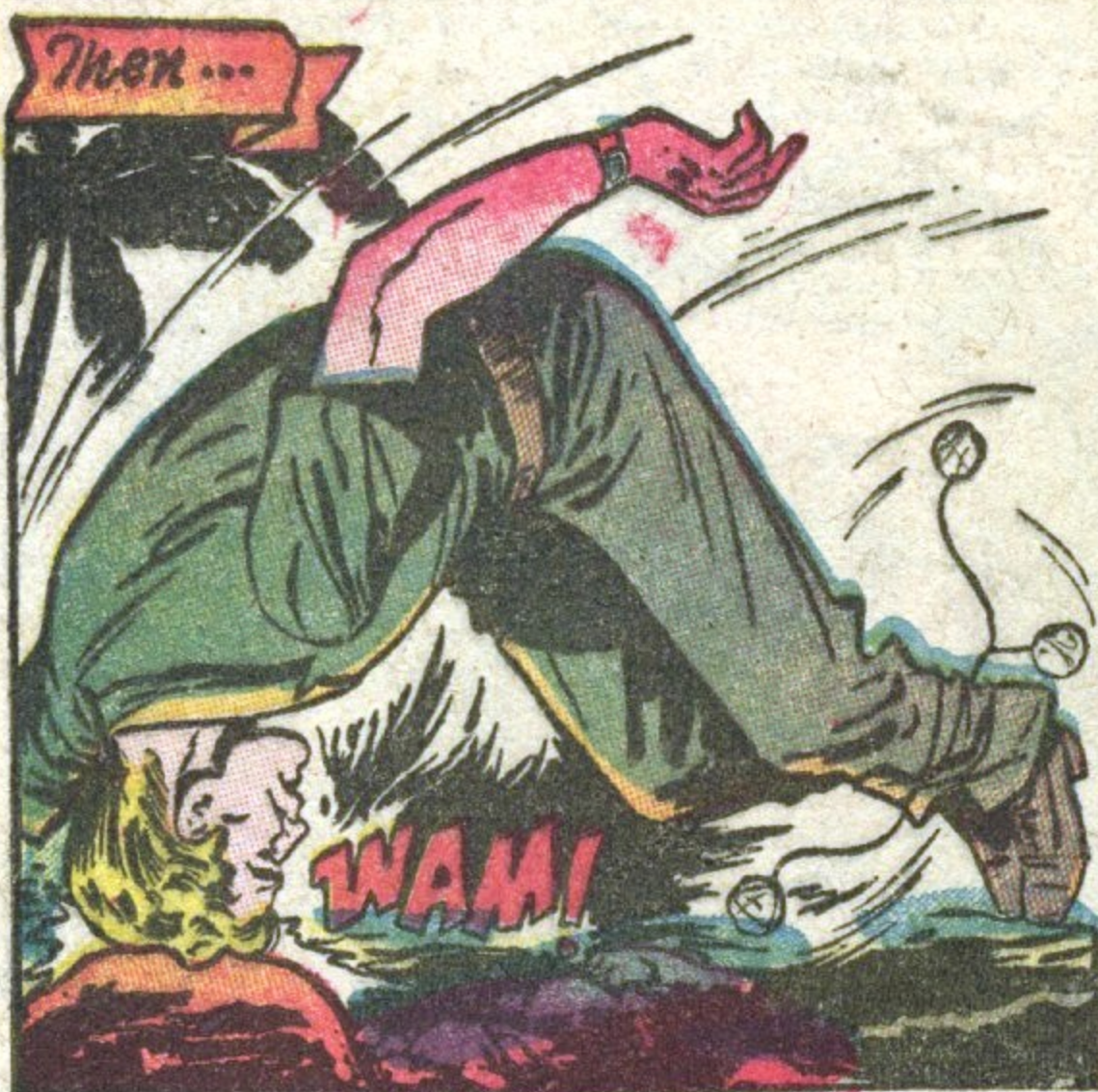
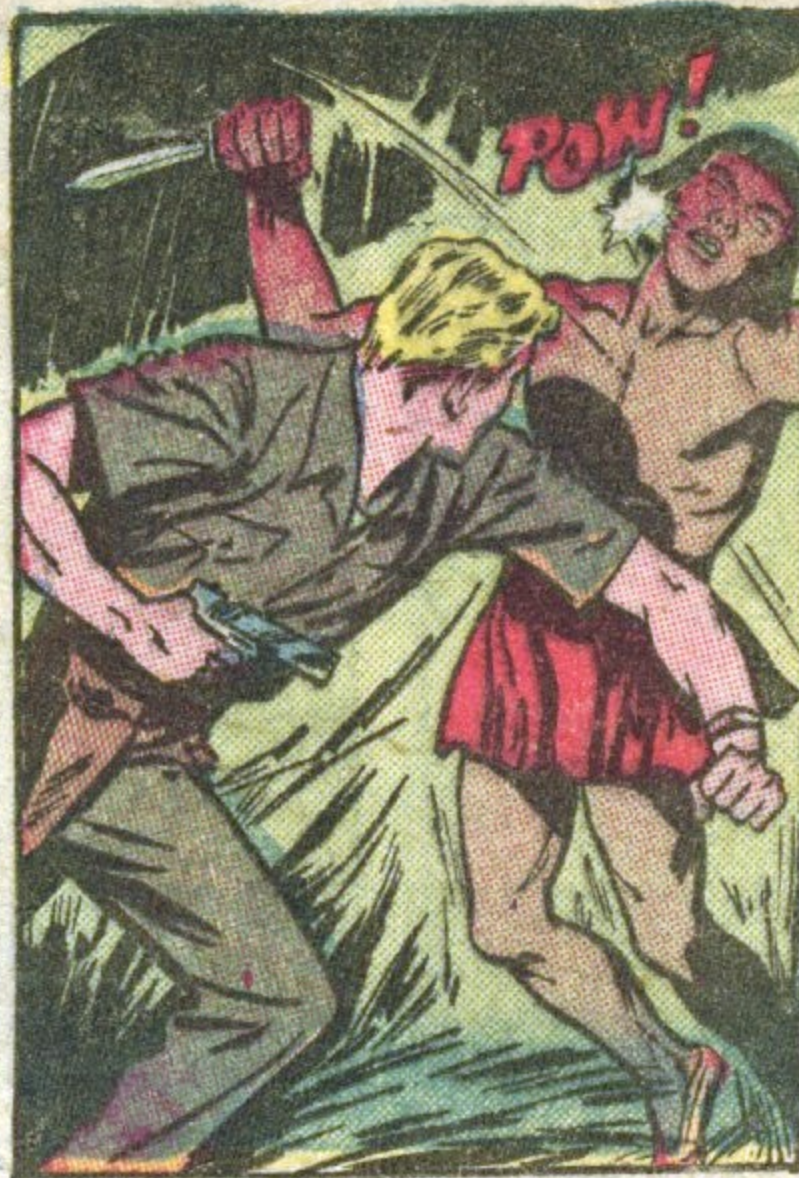


UNEXPECTEDLY...AS ACE STEPS BACK...

OHH!

THE CHACORO!







WITH THE MIST SWIRLING AMONG THE CRAGS---

CHUCHA HAS BEEN
SUMMONED...
CHUCHA COMES
...CHUCHA
LISTENS!



MIGHTY ONE, A STRANGER
HAS COME AMONG US...
AND YOU HAVE WARNED
US THAT STRANGERS
MUST DIE! BUT HE
BEARS MAGIC, CHUCHA...
WE NEED
YOUR HELP!

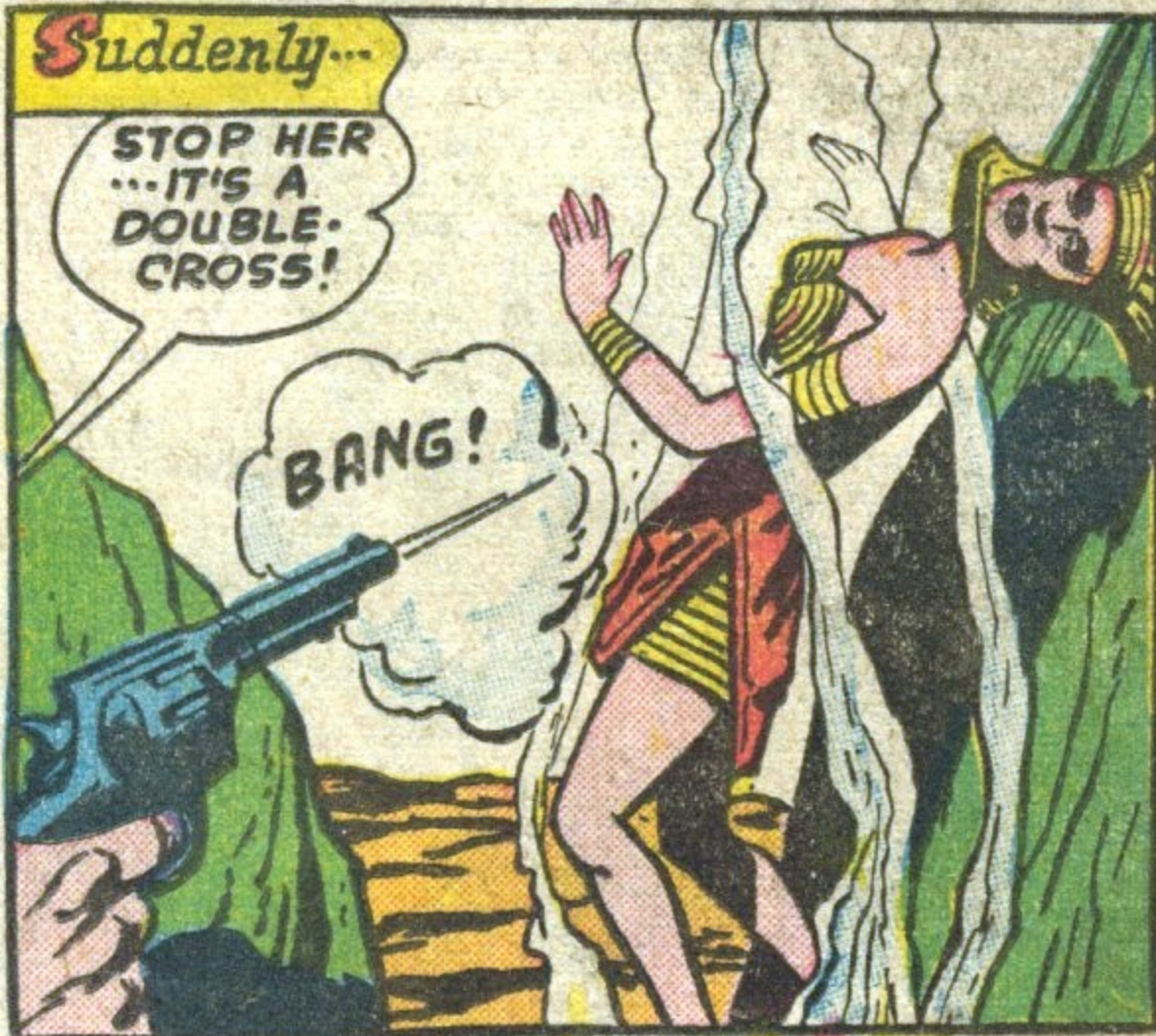
HE WHO BEARS
MAGIC IS FAVOR-
ED BY THE MIGHTY
ONES! HEAR THIS
STRANGER,
CHACORO...AND
RECEIVE HIM
AS A FRIEND!



Suddenly...

STOP HER
...IT'S A
DOUBLE-
CROSS!

BANG!



HOLY
SMOKE...
LOLA!



CHACORO...WE
HAVE BEEN TRICKED!
WE HAVE BEEN
LISTENING NOT TO
CHUCHA...BUT TO
AN ORDINARY MORTAL
...A STRANGER!
LET THEM DIE,
CHACORO!

I EX-
PECTED A
SHOW-
DOWN
SOONER
OR LATER
... WE
MIGHT AS
WELL WIPE
THEM OUT
NOW!

BANG!



WITH A WARNING SHOUT TO THE
WARRIORS...

GET BACK, CHACORO
... YOU HAVEN'T A
CHANCE AGAINST
THESE AUTOMATIC
WEAPONS!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

COME ON, BABY...
WE'RE GETTING
OUT OF
HERE!



THEN...WITH TWENTY ROUNDS A SECOND POURING FROM CIMA RICA...

EE-YAH! NEVER BEFORE HAVE WE GIVEN GROUND... BUT A **THOUSAND** CHACORO COULD NOT WITHSTAND THESE GUNS THAT TALK DEATH!

STICK AROUND, CHIEF...WE'VE GOT MORE FIREPOWER THANK YOU THINK!



YOU KNOW NOW THAT I'VE BEEN WORKING WITH CASCABEL ALL THE TIME...AND I SUPPOSE YOU THINK I GOT WHAT I DESERVED! BUT, ACE...I **DID** TRY TO WARN YOU!

YEP...AT THE LAST MINUTE! WELL, SWEETHEART...I RETURNED THE FAVOR BY GETTING YOU DOWN FROM THERE! I CAME TO CIMA RICA TO BLAST AN ORE SAMPLE... **AND IT'S TOUGH LUCK FOR CASCABEL AND HIS BUDDIES THAT THEY HAPPEN TO BE IN THE WAY!**



WITH A BLAST THAT SWAYS THE PALM TREES FOR HUNDREDS OF YARDS AROUND...

BOOM!



WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS...

IN THE NAME OF THE MIGHTY ONES... **LOOK!**

CHUCHA! THIS TIME WE HAVE REALLY FOUND HER... AT THE SPOT WHERE OUR ANCIENT CHIEFS WORSHIPED!



YOUR MAGIC IS GREAT...IT HAS DESTROYED OUR ENEMIES...AND RESTORED OUR LOST GODDESS! SELDOM DO THE CHACORO FIND A STRANGER WHO IS A FRIEND...BUT WHEN WE DO...**WE WILL REFUSE HIM NOTHING!**

NO USE TELLING HIM THAT THE IDOL HAD BEEN BURIED BY AN EARTHQUAKE...AND THAT MY UNCOVERING IT WAS SHEER LUCK! NOPE...NOT WHEN HE'S ITCHING TO GIVE ME A LITTLE SOMETHING IN RETURN...**LIKE THE MINING RIGHTS ON CIMA RICA!**



THAT NIGHT...IN THE CHACORO VILLAGE...

ACE...I KNOW YOU WON'T FORGIVE ME! BUT CASCABEL CONVINCED ME IT WAS JUST A BUSINESS MANEUVER...HAVING ME IMPERSONATE CHUCHA SO THAT THE NATIVES WOULD KEEP RIVAL COMPANIES AWAY FROM CIMA RICA! HE SAID HE HAD TO STALL FOR TIME IN ORDER TO RAISE THE MONEY FOR MINING OPERATIONS...AND I NEVER DREAMED HE'D RESORT TO BLOODSHED!

YOU TOOK A MIGHTY BIG CHANCE WITH THAT RAT, LOLA! HE LEFT YOU AT THE PLANE SO THAT I WOULDN'T GET SUSPICIOUS...BUT HE DIDN'T LIFT A FINGER WHEN THE CHACORO JUMPED US! HE RESCUED YOU **LATER** MERELY BECAUSE HE WANTED YOU TO IMPERSONATE CHUCHA AGAIN...BUT SUPPOSE THE NATIVES HAD KILLED US **FIRST?**



WITH TOM TOMS THUDDING FROM THE SCENTED SHADOWS...

THERE'S NO USE SAYING HOW I FEEL, ACE! BUT DARLING, LOOK INTO MY EYES... AND THEN... **PROMISE YOU WON'T LET ME DROP OUT OF YOUR LIFE!**

LOLA, LETTING THINGS DROP IS AN OLD STORY WITH ME...SORT OF AN OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD! THE ONLY CERTAINTY IN **MY** LIFE IS DAYS OF BARGING AROUND IN NEW PLACES...DAYS OF DANGER AND SUSPENSE... AND MAYBE OCCASIONALLY...**A NIGHT LIKE THIS!**



ACE CARTER'S NEXT ADVENTURE FINDS HIM ENMESHED IN VIOLENCE AND INTRIGUE... IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

BULL-FIGHTING

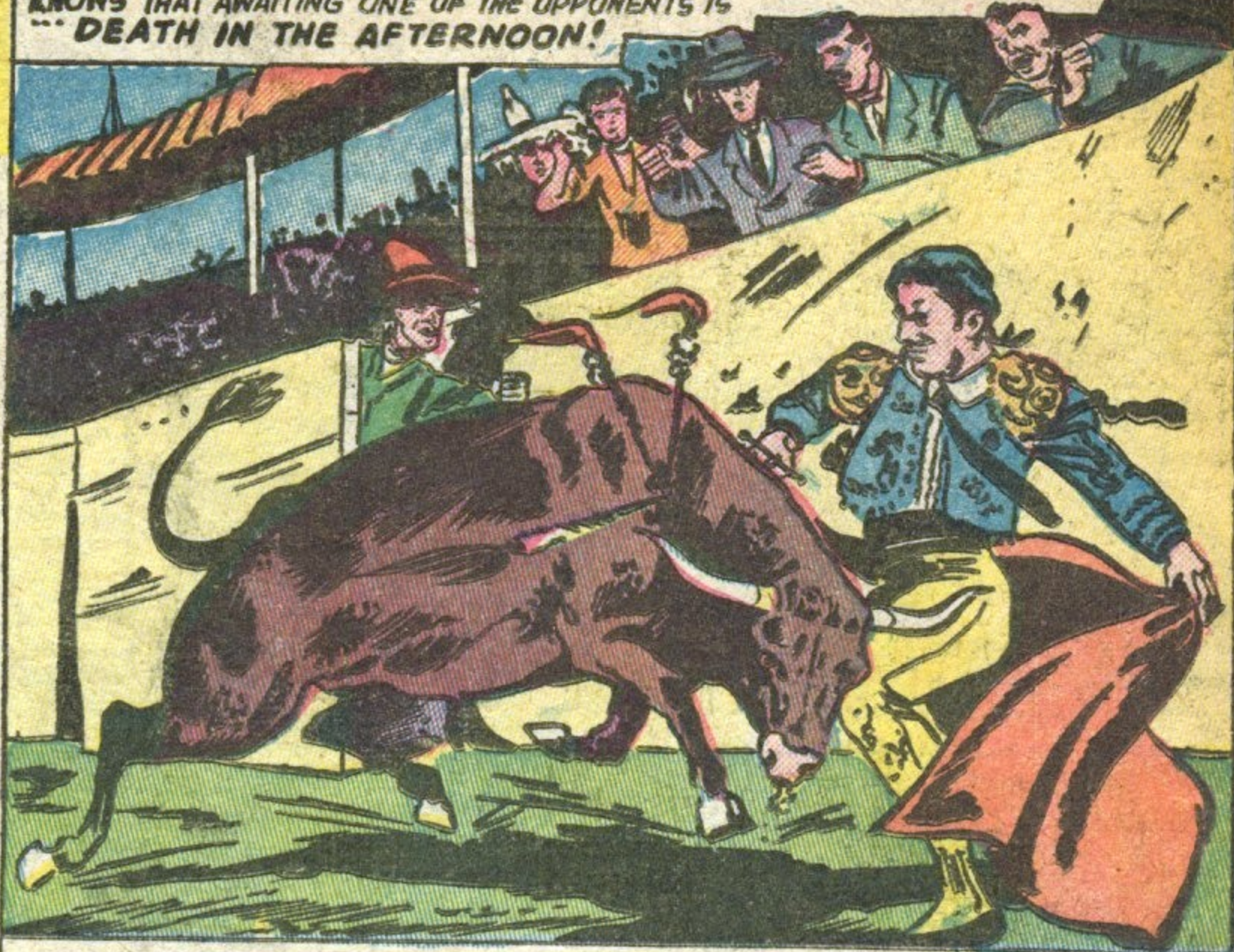
PERILS



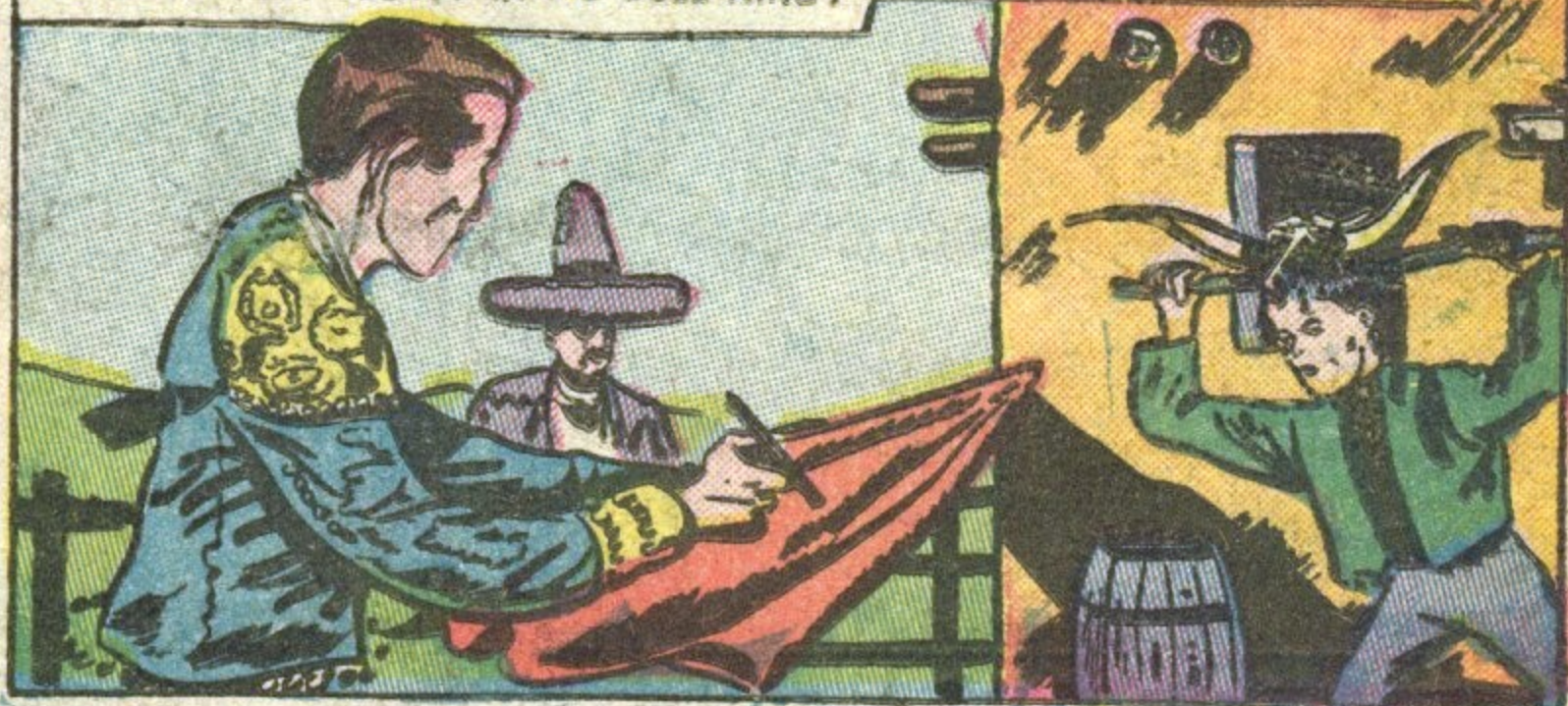
THE FIGHTING BULL, THE TORO DE LIDIA, IS SPECIALLY BRED FOR COURAGE AND FEROCITY! EVEN A NEWBORN CALF WILL CHARGE A MAN --- AND WHEN FULL-GROWN, THE TORO DE LIDIA ADDS UP TO OVER A THOUSAND POUNDS OF MURDER ON THE HOOF!



BULL-FIGHTING IS ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING AND PERILOUS OF ALL SPORTS--- FOR ONLY THE BRAVEST MEN AND BRAVEST BULLS EVER FACE EACH OTHER! THE SPECTACLE OF MAN AGAINST BRUTE FASCINATES MILLIONS---AND THE SPECTATOR KNOWS THAT AWAITING ONE OF THE OPPONENTS IS --- DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON!



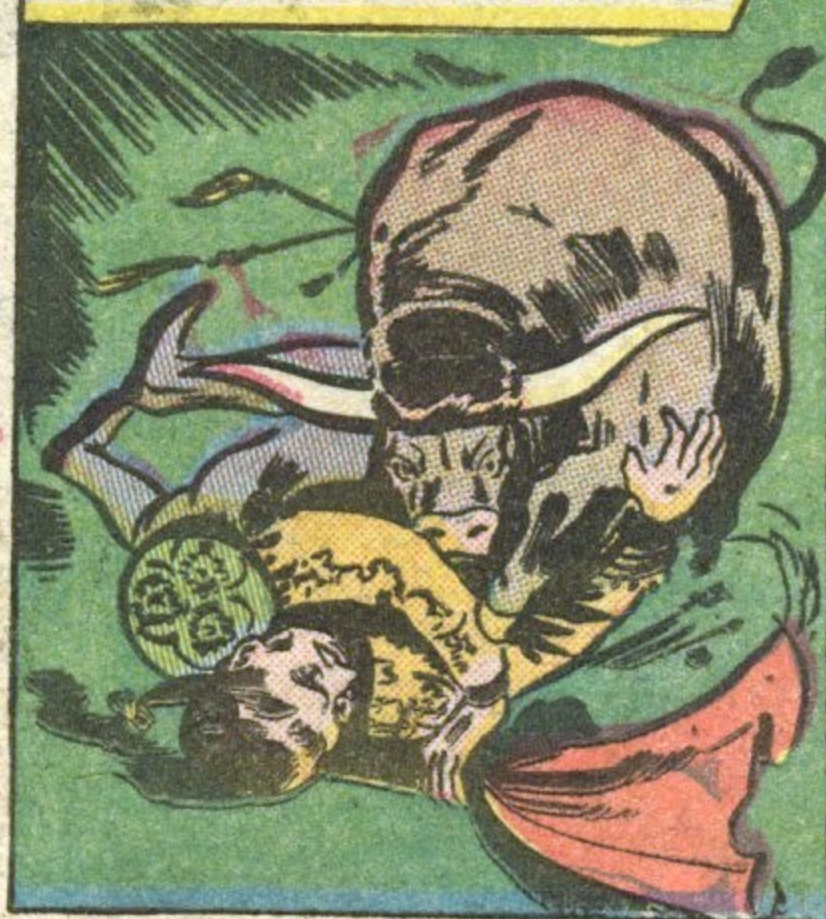
THE TOREROS WHO FACE DEATH ALONE MUST GO THROUGH YEARS OF PAIN-TAKING PRACTICE IN THE INTRICATE POINTS OF THEIR ART BEFORE THEIR COURAGE IS FINALLY TESTED IN THE BULL-RING!



IT TAKES PLENTY OF RAW COURAGE TO STAND STILL WHILE A MADDENED BULL CHARGES STRAIGHT AT YOU---AND TO ENRAGE THE BULL EVEN FURTHER WHILE HIS POINTED HORNS PRACTICALLY GRAZE YOUR BODY!



OCASIONALLY, OF COURSE, THE HORNS DO MORE THAN MERELY GRAZE A TORERO'S BODY --- AND MANY A PROFESSIONAL BULL-FIGHTER PROUDLY CARRIES THE SCARS OF A HORN-GORING --- IF HE'S SURVIVED!



BUT IF YOUR COURAGE AND SKILL HAVE OUTMATCHED THE BULL'S, THEN YOU'LL HAVE TRIUMPHED OVER BRUTE FORCE---AND YOUR DISPLAY OF BRAVERY WILL HAVE EARNED YOU THE ENVIABLE TITLE OF MATADOR!



FLASH!

*You asked
for it...*

HERE IT IS!

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

Now APPEARS MONTHLY!

That's right...America's great magazine of the Supernatural can now be bought **EACH MONTH** at your favorite newsstand! Which means that you can enjoy twice as many thrills from the nation's favorite thriller! You'll gasp at zombies, ghosts, werewolves, vampires...twice as much as ever before! Explore the eerie Supernatural in the greatest, most challenging stories ever written! For spine-tingling entertainment that's tops, read

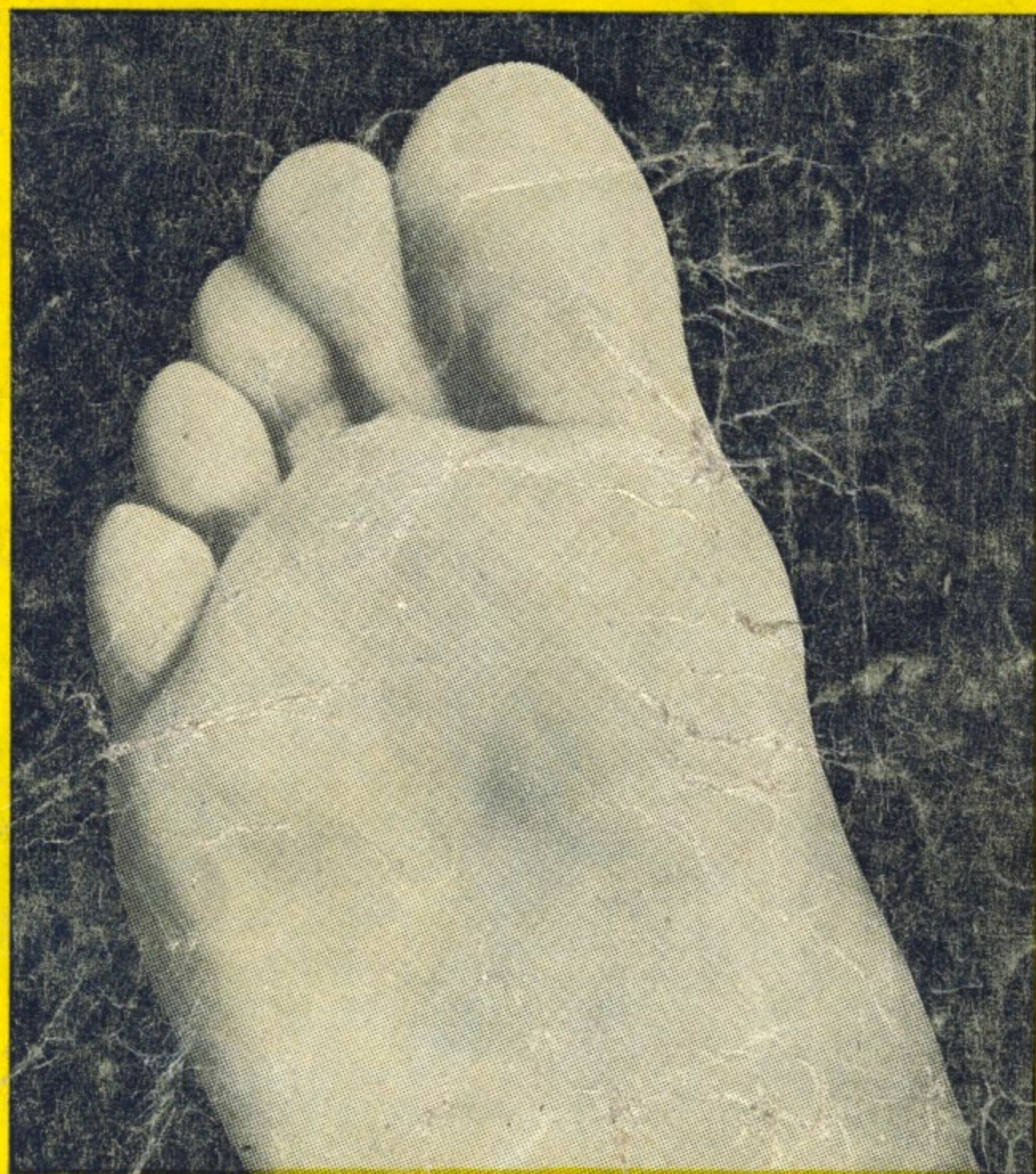


FORBIDDEN WORLDS

The MIRACLE
MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



**PAY NOTHING
TILL RELIEVED**
Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is both contagious and infectious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes lodged in and immediately beneath the outer tissue of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used should first, gently remove the horny outer layer of skin and kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It gently removes the horny outer layer of the skin, killing the vegetable growth, in and immediately under the skin, upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.
610 Girod St., New Orleans 12, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____